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A Monthly for Everybody



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The Occult Digest Written So You Can Understand It!

Vol. 1—No. 7

THADDEUS MILES,
Contributing Editor

Writers of published articles are alone responsible for opinions stated therein

The Occult Digest

A Monthly for Everybody

AUG.-SEPT. 1925

JACOB BONGGREN,
Contributing Editor

The Living Truth

EFFA E. DANELSON, Editor

ROSS K. NEW Managing Editor

On Every Page

*The Occult Digest Stands for "ONE LAW—ONE LIFE—ONE TRUTH—
Eternal Progress Through Successive Embodiments"*

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S. MAHREA

CRAMER

Can a woman sin? Shall man weave the web that makes the tangled skein and call it woman's sin? Does not the eddying tide carry the ripples to the sea, avenging every act? Has not Nature provided an atonement through her gift to the world?

By Effa E. Danelson

A MESSAGE to the CHURCHES

CHURCH of the ancient day! What thinkest thou? Dost think that thou canst hold in check the young blood of the human race?

How sayest thou, that *these* thy posterity, have no rights of *their own* to wander into new fields to find glory and fame?

Dost thou not remember thine *own* youth, how thou didst fret under thy leash? Canst thou not see how thy young folks must have the fruit fresh as thou didst ask it of thy forebear?

Didst thou not pave the way? Have they not responded nobly to thy teaching? Oh, thy precepts are mighty, but thy *example* is supreme!

Hadst thou wanted thy young men to live as thou *didst live* in thy youth, thou shouldst not have builded fine churches in which to worship. Thou shouldst have kept the candle-light with its flickering rays. *Then* thy child would not have strayed from the power of thine ancient church.

Art thou willing to sit in the tent of thy fathers, content to read the word of that ancient God who spoke to Moses from the burning bush?

Art thou willing to go on foot to nurse thy sick neighbor or wait for the stage coach of ancient days? If thou wouldst have thy son and daughter live as thou hast lived, thou shouldst not have changed thy mode of living from that which thy father gave thee.

When thou didst find within the soil much gold, thou buildedst great temples to worship in. Thou didst harness the lightning and thou makest the sound of voice to come forth from the silence at thy command. Canst thou chide youth for searching for more treasures in Nature's great storehouse?

Why lamentest thou when thine eyes behold thy son and daughter desiring to *set out boldly* to discover from whence cometh life? Dost thou



not know that *example is greater than precept*? Was it not so in thy own youth? Canst thou not remember thy own young days—the longing that was thine? Shalt thou then chide youth?

Come forth from thy forgetting and remember that this is the fruit of thy sowing, O churches. Look at thy costly altars and fine robes, thy portals of burnished gold, thy pompous mien. Art thou humble? Dost thou minister to the needy? Hast thou loosened the souls in bondage, or hast thou more tightly drawn the thongs? Hast thou adorned thyself as a bride for a groom, or hast thou dressed thyself as a harlot?

Why have thy children forsaken thee? Canst thou answer them *this* most important question? When they asked thee for bread didst thou give them stones? Hast thou not denied them their rights of inheritance? O foolish and unwise elders, have not thy churches become the brothel and thy elders and handmaidens wholesalers in salvation?

Canst thou say YOUTH shall be chided? Hast thou not set before them the wine while yet they were babes at thy breast? O faithless ones, open thine eyes and behold the wreckage thou hast wrought! In blindness thou heededst not the cry of thy children. They were hungered, and thou gavest them flesh to eat. They were thirsty and thou gavest them blood. In thy folly thou hast closed the temple doors to those who sought wisdom to understand the life that stirred within them.

Too late thou lamentest for thy children to return to thy breast. Thy children have climbed the mountain side and found the spring of life. Thou art a dead carcass and a stench to the nostrils of youth who have emblazoned a new trail. In their freedom shalt thou be forgotten. From thy bosom no longer shall the scourge of fear sear the minds of the children of earth.

BEHOLD! The EYES of YOUTH ARE OPEN to the DESTINY of MAN!

Living EDITORIALS OF TODAY

T *Censoring Progress*

THE EMBROGLIO down in Tennessee between the Evolutionists and the Anti-Evolutionists is just another farce to *police the world for Heaven*, just another "turn in the knot" to strangle progress.

"In the beginning," they quote, and thus they write into history a vision of a creation. To prevent further visualizing, they set a judgment day, terrible to contemplate. This creation and judgment are Alpha and Omega. The names of the rulers of this period are God, Spirit, Lord God, Lord, Jehovah, and the Messiah, Jesus Christ, who is Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Three in One. Written in the book of Revelation, in finality, by one St. John the Divine, is a threat of the vendetta that should cause every clear thinking, unafraid citizen of any country to revolt and resolve to end these murderous assaults on our mentalities.

The history of the past nineteen hundred years is written in the blood of men, women and children in defense of this Christian Christ, or other religionists defending themselves from these Christian invaders. Four thousand and seventy-five years before the advent of this alleged Saviour, the air was filled with the holy smoke from burning the finest of the flock to appease the anger of a wrathful and revengeful God.

Every kind of business has changed hands except the business of religion. Every year these dealers in men's souls get a little tighter. Every year the sacrifice of brains becomes greater. Every year their robes become more scarlet.

Time carries their driftwood back to shore, preventing progress. *Shall it continue?* Shall these dyed-in-the-wool slaves of ancient days continue to sell their wares on the street corners of our villages and cities, obstructing progress? Is it not about time for thinking men and women to realize that all this pomp and display of fine robes and glittering jewels are out of keeping with the noonday splendor of our progressive age? We have cleared the docks of the old sailing vessels. Why not clear the air of these donkeys' ear-splitting "brays?"

Those who have instigated this trial do not care whether religion lives or dies—but they *do* care if *progress* lives—for if progress continues to claim men's attention they will lose their trading vessels, and their wares will go unmarketed. Through this *persecution* they hope to protect their stock-in-trade. *They fear progress.*

This trial in Tennessee was a clever piece of strategy. It may prove to be a boomerang; for when its young people *wake up* there will be a pyre in Tennessee, and its light will lead the world.

No cross to bear—no crown to wear—no song to sing—no shouts of agony will fill the air, but from the hills of Tennessee will rise a mighty throng of stout-limbed, keen-brained men and women marching triumphantly up the hill of progress to its summit.

These young people who are today being sacrificed to the antediluvian octopus of Tennessee will write their names in the pages of history with the flaming two-edged sword of Knowledge. *Theirs* will be the hand that will free *their* children from the plague of religious bigotry that has censored progress since the dawn of the Christian era.

T *The Bible in the Schools*

THE SUREST, safest way to kill the Bible is to put it in the public schools. The surest, quickest way to make criminals of all highly sensitive children would be to have the Bible read, promiscuously, in the schools.

One of the passages in the Bible which it is permissible for school children to read is the shortest verse, "Jesus wept," found in St. John 11:35. He wept because he loved his friends. Here is a theme for literature, art and music that refines the soul and creates in the child mind an emotion that would have a most refining effect.

Would it be right to desecrate this picture by reading further where this same man cursed the fig tree because he did not know the sexology of trees (Matthew 21:19), or how he sent his two disciples to steal the ass and her colt, coaching them how to handle anyone who opposed them (Matthew 21:2, 3)? Or the story of Elisha, the man of God, at whose command two she-bears ate forty-two little children (II Kings 2:24), or again the story told in the 19th chapter of Judges, the reading of which would mold the child mind in all the forms of crime ever recorded in the annals of history, and kill every good impulse? The tragedy related in this story can only be capped by that degradation recorded in Ezekial in language only permitted to pass through our mails when intact in the Bible. The "obscene" literature in the Bible is not permitted by law to be used as quotations in other books.

Parents and lawmakers! Read your Bible thoroughly before you decide to place it in your schools in this enlightened day of science. It could result only in one of two things: Either it will destroy Christianity, or it will destroy the youth of our nation.

The stories of debauchery, killing and thieving at the direct command of God would so affect the child mind that our children would either discard the Bible or put its teachings into practice again. We believe that the crime and debauchery of the present day cannot be classed with that of the heroes and heroines of Biblical times for wickedness and obscenity.

This is the scientific age. Teach children how to care for their bodies, how to develop their minds, what foods to eat, to be kind to each other, and we will have given them the essence of the teachings of the Master who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Is it possible that the present crime era is but the aftermath of centuries of teachings from these books to our youth? Children are imitators. The present generation represents the reflections of those things the child mind absorbed in school and church and home. Surely pictures portrayed of vicious acts and unreasonable and illogical events bear their fruitage in the man and woman of later years. The cruelty of parents to their children is the result of starved brains.

In this scientific age so many things disprove the stories recorded in the Bible. The discrepancies in the stories themselves, and the contradictions everywhere have stimulated thought. Thinkers of this age are unveiling these discrepancies. No surer weapon with which to destroy Christianity or Youth could be placed in the schools of our land than the Bible.

SIGN POSTS on *Life's Broadway*

M *Visualize*

MEN AND WOMEN, visualize Life! An uphill road, you say? You have not traveled far. Bramble bush you have found? For shame! You are strong of limb and keen of sight. Why do you complain? A thorn you have found? Quickened your pace. A fallen log across your path? Have you not sinews like steel? Shall a log across your path make you yield your right to climb?

Watch the road ahead. You will find much to strengthen you. You will see more clearly after the struggle. A little distance ahead, friend, the path is quite clear. You are weary? Your footing is insecure? Try again—that was a hard pull, but it was worth while, you say. Surely the log was no barrier when you tried. Now for another pull! What, a quitter when things are a little hard to manage? Have you no pride? Make one more trial! There you are—that wasn't half hard. *Now for the top!*

Visualize the thing you wish to be. The artist lives his picture first. Then true to life he paints it. Visualize health if you would have health; happiness, if you would be happy; riches, if you would have wealth. *Paint the picture of the thing that you would be, in the mirror of your brain.*

Let nothing come between you and your goal. Once you visualize your goal, *go ahead.* If you have a goal worth striving for, men will hate you and revile you. Before you start a big job, visualize the finished product. Don't be terrorized by any bug-a-boo that might be presented. *Choose your goal* and realize that everything that stubbornly stands in your way is a trapeze for the exercising of your brain muscles. Know your goal first, *the way will reveal itself.*

R *Realize!*

REALIZE that this is the hour of Life. The beat of your heart is ticking it off. What have you begun that you did not finish? Did you attend to the business of protecting your wife and children against the making of unjust laws?

Realize that there is a one-way road, and *win.* Life is a circle. The goal from which you start is the goal to which you return. Your reception at your home-coming depends on just what you scattered to the winds on the first half of the journey.

Realize before you start that there are just three things you need—*health, clean hands and good judgment.* If you have not inherited these, stop at the first danger signal and turn the switch. If your storehouse is filled with these fruits of Life, you can run at top speed and never tire. All along the road are *sign boards.* *Heed their warning.* You can't lose your way. You can speed up or slow down, but you must *keep moving.* *It is the law.*

Realize that the body called *Life is a vibratory force* pushing you forward. You have no will in the matter; you must move forward. Time is motion and controls the universe. You, as an individual, are privileged to *direct your course.* Once you realized that this is your right, you have conquered fate and mastered your destiny.

P *Play the Game!*

PLAY THE GAME! Don't be a squatter or a quitter! Stay in your own field and *dig.* The ore lies deep and the man who plays the game *right* is the man who wins. You are in the game of Life. Steady the hand, clear the brain.

If the load is heavy, the stakes are big. You *can* win! Be stronger than the winds of adversity. Be more wise than the bird of prey who would profit by your downfall. Be more courageous than those who realize your value and would take advantage of you to gain their goal.

Young men and women, youth is your asset! Realize the opportunity it affords you to play the game of life well. Watch the fruitage! When searching for new fields, realize that you can only judge the new by making comparison with the old. Value does not lie in success, but in the power to *react to success,* thereby creating a beneficent credit for the one who is able to play the great game *right.*

Play the game! Though it's night, and you have been losing steadily. One more chance before death takes its toll! You *cannot* fail. The darkening shadows fall across your path, deepening into gruesome forms, and there lie the checkerboard, the dice! It was only a little game you lost, but now in the darkening shadows, it seems changed. It was a little thing, that game you failed to play, but it lost you the chance of a lifetime. You see it now. *"Too late!"* you cry. Time has decreed otherwise. *Play the game—ETERNITY WAITS!*

Men, in the morning of life, play the game! Men, in the noonday of strife, *play the game!* MEN, when the last rays of the setting sun reflect the message of a new life, *PLAY THE GAME!*

P *Pay the Price*

PAY THE PRICE if you would have success. Take the responsibility. Carry the load. Be true to the trust reposed in you. When men assail you, judge yourself, not them. Think of yourself as you would have others think about you. Be energetic, keen to the perspective of another's view. Think consecutively. *Logical thinking is indispensable to success.*

Pay the price, if you would be happy. Reason when reason is needed; weep when weeping will cheer; laugh when laughter will carry the day. Comfort those who are less able to bear sorrow. Lift the load for the weak one who is not gifted as you are. Lend a hand to those whose burdens are already more than they can carry. *On this road happiness lies.*

Pay the price if you would have health. It is not so much *what you eat* as it is *what you think* and how you *sleep.* Let your appetite and your reason govern your eating. Drink to the health of your body rather than to your friend's happiness. *Think the thought that stimulates you to deeds that live for the service they render.*

In no wise let sleep come to your eyelids at the end of the day until you have made yourself worthy in your own sight. When you can truly say at the close of the day, *"I owe myself nothing,"* you have paid the price.

Success, happiness and health are the three graces that shape men's lives. They exact the toll before they open the drawbridge. *Pay the price, then pass.*



☛ "Hers! . . . hers! . . . at last! . . . All! . . . all of hers! Her baby—Old woman, thy apron covers thy first born.
But a mighty load . . ."

The Thief Dead Dead DEAD

By James Beacham Starr

QA GREAT STORY

of the All Too Human Judgment of
IMMORTAL SOULS in The Flesh

Illustrations by Paul Lehman

THE half-wit clapped his hands softly and gurgled with imbecile glee. Oh, but it was great fun! Someone was to be hanged; someone had stolen a sheep. He had stolen many sheep, but always with a cunning which had defied detection. Why had not this person, over whom was so much fuss, been crafty as he?

"You shall be hanged by the neck, until you are dead . . . dead . . . dead!"

What a funny looking fellow the Judge was, with his gown and powdered wig, the idiot thought, and—why did he say, "dead . . . dead . . . dead?" Once was sufficient. If they hung him until he was dead, they had no need to hang him over again the second and third time. He must laugh at the Judge. Once, he had seen him passing along the Highway in his coach and four. The Judge was bald as a skull. Now, he covered his shiny pate with a wig. He must laugh, too, at his mother, weeping. What was she crying for? Surely, she was not shedding tears on account of the fool who was so careless as to be caught stealing a sheep?

Maybe, they would let him see them hang the thief! Always, he had wanted to see a hanging. If he got the chance, he would ask the Judge—

They led him away—and still his childish mind had failed to grasp the reason for his mother's tears. He did not understand that it was to him the Judge had said, "You shall be hanged by the neck, until you are dead . . . dead . . . dead!"

True—no one had seen him steal the sheep, but it was common talk that he stole sheep. The sheep had an owner; the sheep was gone. So, why not hang a man as a warning to other sheep-stealers?

A man? Great God! This overgrown body with a child's mind?

But—he had stolen a sheep!

And the Judge had said, "You shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead . . . dead . . . dead!"

* * * * *

Slowly, up the market slope, winds an ox-cart. Over the moor, to the cross-roads, jolting and creaking, it lumbers through the heather stalks. Across the fen, flat-

tening the furze, to the gibbet it goes. Groveling in the bottom of the cart, hands tied with rope, is the sheep-stealer.

The gallows, four-squared, with iron cage, stands waiting. Its gaunt arm points to the west.

The rusted tackle-pulleys whine as the executioner tries them out. The idiot, in descending, falls from the cart. Brutal hands pull him to his feet—maul him—as he is precipitated up the scaffold steps. Carefully the knot is adjusted so it lies close to the jugular. The trap sticks, but is freed with a kick. The rope snaps tight and holds.

* * * * *

Below, the heather. Above, by night, the moon, and the hot sun by day. Below, the heather. Above, dark clouds by night—the mist-hid sun by day.

Rotting! Rotting!

Over the simmering moor, the low wind chirrs.

Over the frozen fen, whirls the wild wind.

The body swings against the iron cage, and the putrid flesh of a finger clasps a bar.

Law, thou hast indeed seen thy duty done!

A sheep was stolen. A human had died!

Justice, thou hast balanced the beams of thy scales!

* * * * *

Scorch, summer sun! Soften the flesh from the decaying bones. Thief! Rot and blacken in your cage, and breed your worms!

Toll, ye bells from church towers. Ring out thy call to the faithful. Cross thyself, ye worshipers, and hurry past the gibbet with a prayer.

Carrion! Swing with every wind that bends the furze.

Poor, unburied, unquiet thing! The love of a mother!

Gallows! Clang and jangle! Shake loose the bones, joint from joint!

Oh, winter's snow! Cover this impure, unholy thing with a merciful sheet of white purity.

* * * * *

The months pass. November's frost lays flat the

summer's blooms. Thrushes and sparrows twitter and fly among the gorse-bushes.

Nights of moon, and nights of dark.

Morning and evening. Sun and snow.

The bones grow loose, and the flesh falls away.

Three days—two nights—the continual storm tosses the dangling corpse against the iron cage. An arm—a leg drops. The toes and fingers separate. But still the rope swings with the head and trunk. Oh, Judge, the lad's skull is barer now of hair than your own!

The bones of the neck part. The spine falls upright, then crumples to the ground. The head rolls a few feet away, and the empty pockets that once held eyes stare up at the gibbet.

Ashes to ashes! Dust to dust! Wind chant a requiem!

* * * * *

Over the moor, the wind blows chill. A traveler, seeking a sign at the crossing of the roads, draws in his horse and riding close, mistakes, in the gathering gloom, the pointing gallow's arm for one of the boards which should betoken the way. A bat sweeps blindly against him. In the distance an owl whimpers like a strayed child. Suddenly, he digs spurs into his horse's flanks, and gallops madly off.

The gibbet jars to the blasts of wind, and the iron cage creaks and snarls.

Comes a tottering figure. The lantern she holds flickers and sways like a will-o'-wisp. "Old woman, what seek ye here? 'Tis no place or hour for one of thy years. Ghosts, they say, walk from yonder church yard, to taunt the poor, unburied dead, who died as felons die, without the comfort of book and bell. Thy son? Thy son was a thief, and as a thief, dangled from that cross-arm above ye! His bones rot in the grass beneath the gallows from which he swung, and worms feast on the soft flesh thy lips caressed."

She sets the lantern on a stone and kneels before the tree. Eagerly, she thrusts her hands among the leaves

and roots and ooze. Hers! . . . hers! . . . at last! . . . All! . . . all of hers! Her baby— She brushes a busy, wriggling worm away from his head.

She gathers and searches—searches and gathers. "Old woman, thy apron again covers thy first born. But a mighty load, this time, for thy frail old back to carry!"

Hers! . . . hers! . . . at last! . . . All . . . all of hers!

* * * * *

Within the old woman's cottage there is unwonted activity. She who sat, day in, day out, by the fire, brooding into the flames, now moves with feverish industry. Her windows are shuttered, and no gleam of candle light comes through.

"Old woman, thy habit has been to wash thy dirty linen in the stream, and pound loose the dirt between two blocks of wood. Why use the house for out-door chores?"

Reverently, she lifts a piece from the suds.

"Great God! Old woman, that is thy son's thumb ye hold! The thumb he used to put in his mouth and suck! Dry it lovingly, mother of the thief. Linger over it—it is thine—thine! Polish with care that gaunt cheek. Where thy finger rests, was the dimple thy lips loved to kiss. The long arm bone! That arm encircled the sheep thy son stole . . . but it has also been wound 'round thy neck. Those fingers! . . . they clutched the wool of the sheep, and now they tighten about thy heart!"

"His bed is ready, mother? Good! Finish thy task of love. Sort well those poor, dear bones, and lay them carefully on the clean, white sheet. Fit them together . . . piece by piece! Match them, joint to joint! Thou hast done well! Draw the coverlet, tenderly, over him. Kiss him upon the mouth, and whisper, 'Good-night!'"

"Snuff the candle. Seek your own cot, sweet mother! You have earned eternal rest. Sleep . . . sleep . . . with a prayer on your lips . . . in your heart . . . a prayer for your boy . . . your all . . . THE THIEF!"



By
Thaddeus Miles

Can a Woman Sin?

Q It is the right of every child to claim the inheritance of Nature's gifts. . . the right to be free-born, unsullied, unhampered by laws enacted and enforced by man through ecclesiastical law.

WOMAN, the greatest gift of Nature to the world, can she sin? Nature has endowed woman with all the gifts of her storehouse. Within her being lie the springs of Life. From her soul she pours forth in ever increasing wealth to the world her children—all of noble birth—in sacrifice at the shrine of mother love.

In the shadow of death or the radiant light of birth, woman makes the supreme sacrifice that man may live and have his being. Can this devotion to Nature be called a SIN?

In the story of the Garden of Eden this sin is called a serpent. In this superb, supreme emotion, the call to motherhood, every creature after its kind fulfills its law.

Did Eve sin when she responded to the urge of this re-creative emotion? Did she not follow the law of her being in calling to her—her mate?

Is not Nature's law the same in all its creatures? Does not the wild beast mother sing her song for her mate? Does not Spring, the serpent, the symbol of the stirring of Life, herald the glad tidings that the soil is ready for the seed? Is this a sin? Does the flower sin? It knows no other law but that which causes its fruition. Does the fig tree, whose branches reach far and wide, sin when upon its boughs the luscious fruit, kissed by the sun and nurtured by the wind, ripens, fulfilling its law of re-creation?

Nature gives the Song of Life to every living creature for its mate. Why then shall the mother of the human race be humiliated?

What say you, men? Can you say a woman sins when in your love for offspring you make it possible for her to give life that you may smite your lordly breast and feast and toast your heir? Or if no wedlock you desire, you seek to slake your unconquerable passions from the maiden in the blush of youth, can you give justice to the child of her you call your bride and withhold it from the child of her whom you betrayed? Are not both children brought forth from woman, Nature's Garden of Eden?

The gift of the child to Sarah made her heart grow light. Mary, the virgin, chosen by God to bring forth a child in whom there was no guile, is worshiped by the populace. These women were no different from the mothers of today, sacrificing all that their children may live.

Can a woman sin in the fulfilling of the mission for which she was created? Is it a sin to answer the call of Life?

What curse is this that man has placed on motherhood? The price of motherhood under man-made law is the scarlet robe. The birthright of her child is the

life of an outcast. "A bastard (a child that is not a son, Hebrews 12:8) shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord; even unto his tenth generation shall he not enter into the congregation of the Lord." (Deut. 23:2.)

These children are cast upon the sea of time, nameless and without inheritance. Man's law takes from them their natural parents, making of them children of adoption, branding them unfit associates of society.

The nation does not say to the virgin mother, "Your child is illegitimate." The nation asks, "Is he young, strong of limb, of good size, perfect heart, feet and hands, that he may be able to withstand the hardships of war and battle with the enemy?" The nation at this time concerns itself only in the product of women. Under what circumstances she bore her fruit, they do not ask. In the hour of need the nation says to woman, "Give me my sons and daughters, your children." And with unsatisfied thirst for slaughter, the nations cry again and again, "Give me more of the fruit of your womb. Give me your best product for my defense."

God gave the son of a virgin to be the Savior of the world, and to be His representative from heaven. Nature says, "Give expression to the life within you," but ecclesiastical law says that woman defileth herself in the eyes of men when she beareth him a child, the fruit of her being, unless she be licensed by the man-made law to become a mother.

Should men and women make a law conflicting with Nature's law forcing Nature to obey its mandate of suppression? Wherein lies the sin? Who shall be obeyed, Nature, whose agent is God, or man, the slave of undeveloped reason who by his law fastens on woman, the mother of man, the scarlet robe called sin?

Did Elizabeth, the mother of John, sin, and Mary, the mother of Jesus, when they bore sons? Theirs was the urge of the Holy Ghost, called Gabriel, an angel sent from heaven. "And in the sixth month the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph of the House of David; and the virgin's name was Mary." (St. Luke 1:26, 27.)

Did Hagar, the mother of Ishmael, sin when she shared her mother love with Sarah, Abram's barren wife? (Genesis 16:1, 2.) Did little Mary Jones or Brown of our more modern day sin when she gave birth to a nation's son?

Man, in his ignorance of Nature's law, forces the mother of the race into exile, robbing the fruit of her womb of its inheritance, thereby defaming the sacred name of childhood and breaking Nature's law in which all men are born equal.

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By Effa E. Danelson

YOUR LIFE AFTER DEATH

A Comparative Interpretation

THE OLD RELIGION

I.

THE Lord God created the heavens and the earth. He formed man from the dust of the earth and caused a deep sleep to fall upon him. While he slept, the Lord God took from him a rib and created a woman. Mary conceived a child by the Holy Ghost who was God's only begotten son, and who was sent to the world to be crucified that all men might be saved from the sin that Adam and Eve committed when they ate the apple of love in the Garden of Eden.

The old-time religionists all agree upon the fact of life after death, and that ultimately the individual finds himself happy in a place called heaven, or tortured in hell. Some believe that the dead shall be raised at a set day of judgment, others believe that at death the spirit life goes to a place where there is a chance for reform, while many hold that even little children who die without baptism according to the creed of their respective churches, are damned forever.

Hell, from the old religious viewpoint, is a "lake of fire burning with brimstone," in which the unbeliever is "tormented day and night for ever and ever. (Rev. 19:20; 20:10.) Heaven is a place located in the sky, the walls and gates of which have actual linear dimensions. This heaven which Jesus has prepared for those who confess him to be their only salvation "lieth four-square, and the length is as large as the breadth . . . twelve thousand furlongs." (Rev. 21:16.) The walls are of jasper, the streets are paved with pure gold and the walls and gates are studded with precious gems. Jesus sits at God's right hand within this heaven, and his disciples hold the keys. Only a few will be permitted to live in this place of bliss, and these few are to join in the songs of the angels, praising God.

THE NEW RELIGION

II.

FROM the new religious viewpoint, the Spirit of God created the heavens and the earth and all that is in them. He formed man, male and female, after his own image, placed them in physical bodies with the instruction to be fruitful and replenish the earth, embedding deep within them His spirit to govern them.

This is a decided advance from the old ideas of a burning hell with a presiding Devil, and a heaven ruled over by a wrathful and revengeful God. God is a Being of love, living in the hearts of men as a spirit. Jesus has become an elder brother who watches over each one. His physical atonement is no longer looked upon as essential to the salvation of man, but still he has power to dispel evil influences and through individuals whose aura he can penetrate, it is believed he heals the sick. Under the head of the new religion there are groups who are dissatisfied with the orthodox creeds. These have divided themselves into cults, "isms" and "ists."

The new religionists have done a noble work. They have broken the shackles which have held men in the fear of hell and the lethargy of heaven. They have removed the stigma of slavery from the race, and have destroyed the power of one group of people to force upon another group a religion not in keeping with the present day advancement. Through the new religion, man can adorn himself with learning. He has the privilege of exercising his body for the benefit of his health. Woman is no longer man's chattel, but his equal, and their children are free born. It is just a step from the new religion to scientific thinking, through which the individual becomes the maker of his own law and stands emancipated through the power of understanding.

THE NATURAL LAW

III.

IN THE first book of Moses, we find recorded the beginning of time, space and location, which leaves the student of the occult quite without base or polarity. A careful study of these records will acquaint the layman with their lack of correlated facts.

From the accepted viewpoint of natural law, nothing was created, but came into its natural consequence through the twin laws of involution and evolution. Branching from these twin laws we have the law of reproduction, the office of which is the governing of the reproductive gland species, producing the male and female. The male and female, under the law of involution, are one. Through vibrating activities they become separated and are thrown into the higher vibration of the law of evolution. The law of involution produces the seed. The law of evolution produces the plant from which they become independent, animated life, with power to reproduce their kind, which is the fruit of the tree of life.

The predominating spirit of man is man's own power of volition—free, if Nature's law has been kept, bound if it has been broken. The supremacy of man depends on his mastership. Through study and reflection he becomes super-master in his law, ruling his universe by the power of thought. He is born without fear of an avenging God or a burning hell. He does not need portioned salvation as he is his own savior. He knows that healing is the result of mental equilibrium through polarization of color ray and light-wave tones.

The student of natural law finds it impossible to recognize in any one element of nature an embodiment of composite power with such attributes as we find assigned to this force the religionists call God. Because the occultists know that life is eternal, they are assured of their continued life after death under the natural governing law.

By Mathilda McNemar

The Astral LOVER

*The Most Dangerous
Thing in the World
Dealing with
THE DEAD
Through the Psy-
chic Phenomena of
THE OUIJA
BOARD*

*Illustrated by
Mahrea Cramer*



"**L**OST your rabbit's foot, pet?"
"Fraid so, Ned."

My voice sounded rather disconsolate in spite of my efforts at cheerfulness.

"Here's a jack, Ned."

"And there's a king to cover him. Too bad, little girl. Tough luck!"

For two solid hours it had gone like that. Only a couple of hands out of a long succession had I won, and the night was growing late. No chance to make my losses up tonight. A touch of real discouragement settled upon me. I never was a good loser.

Ned briskly shuffled and dealt. Another uncertain hand. Should I try to draw out my partner's trumps, or should I lead out with another suit? Whatever I did was sure to be the wrong play. I hesitated, floundering round in a mind none too alert for the business in hand. My eyes happened on the box in which our so-called card table had been delivered and in which it was stored during the day between the covers of the duofold. In our tiny flat, there had been no space for even a folding card table, and soon after our marriage Ned had come home triumphantly carrying an ouija board from the children's toy shop of an apartment store. For four years on all our nights at home, it lay across our knees and clicked to the falling cards. We considered it a regular and necessary article of furniture. Not once had the pointer been tried, although each night it lay

in plain view at our sides. But tonight my mind, weary with ceaseless rebuff, wandered about for something new to fix upon. I spied with a newborn curiosity this never-used marker. Picking it up, I facetiously remarked,

"Here's where I try magic on you, Ned."

With my cards face down on the board, I placed my fingers on the standard. Ned laughed indulgently. He knew my predilection for turning attention away from the game when I was persistently losing. No suspicion of any activity from the pointer flashed across my mind. I was resting, recovering my flagged spirits after their long siege of defeat. But suddenly a peculiar thrill that brought my eyes to the pointer with almost fear shot through my wrist. Then the inoffensive-looking toy, without any preliminary motion, dashed across the board, as though making sure of the boundaries of the wood. Then back it went to the center so swiftly that my fingers slipped off. Instantly it stopped. I replaced my fingers, and it immediately careened and cavorted about like a tipsy thing. Then it made a few demure passes and settled down to a steady gait, studiously pointing out the letters printed on the board, and stopping dead still an instant at the end of each word.

"Play—your—four—of—trumps—Ned—has—a—queen—Force—it—Then—drop—your—ten—of—spades."

I took my fingers from the pointer and slapped down

the four of hearts. Ned covered it with the queen. Down went the ten of spades. I won the hand, and we laughed uproariously.

I dealt. This time my hand appeared even more hopeless. Ned threw down a nine. Should I throw off and let him have the trick or should I trump it? Again I resorted to magic. This time there were no wasted movements. The message came unhesitatingly. I followed its directions implicitly and again won the hand.

Ned picked up the deck and ran through it, selecting the last four hands we had held. He lay them face up and studied them attentively. I was in high fettle.

"Ned, old boy, it really was magic, you know. It wasn't my method of playing at all."

"You outdid yourself, sure enough, kiddo. Steady down and put this new discernment into a system and I'll match you with the champions, while I lay back and rake in the chink."

We laughed gayly at this sally; but, nevertheless, Ned was looking queer about the mouth and I had a peculiar cold sensation creeping up and down my spine. By concerted motion we rose, placed the board and pointer in their box, and slipped it into its accustomed place in the duofold. We tried to appear unconcerned, but each of us knew that the other was secretly pondering the occurrence in his mind.

I slept rather lightly and all the next day avoided the corner where the duofold stood. In the evening, neither of us made a suggestion of the heretofore inevitable game of cards. Nine o'clock came, and Ned was still apparently engrossed in his paper. At nine-thirty, he jumped up precipitately.

"Come, pumpkins, let's find out what's in that piece of wood. It's not my way to beat the devil round the bush. Let me at him!"

So the board and the pointer, as well, came out and a new game—one whose rules we had never mastered—began. Again the pointer shot around like mad. Again it settled down, and, in response to our queries, clear and intelligent messages were spelled out.

"Who are you?"

"Jeremiah Jerome."

"What are you doing here?"

"Guiding this pointer."

Then from Ned:

"Ha, Satan temporizes! How else do you busy yourself, Mr. Jeremiah Jerome?"

"I am a gentleman of leisure and freedom. What I will, I do. What I will not to do, I do not. Now I will to enliven some of my dragging hours in this fair company. Therefore am I here."

"And for how long are you to so honor us?"

"Time and the quality of your entertainment will best answer that, my friend."

I remarked flippantly,

"Impertinent, isn't he?"

"Why not, my lady? You receive one who has been in your midst this many a day as an interloper—an element foreign and distasteful to your discriminating and fastidious taste. On the other hand, I come and take my rightful place at your sides with the air of one who demands his inheritance, not as one who fawns or begs. You gave me a quit claim deed to your home when you dallied long hours, flipping senseless cards on a senseless board in a senseless game. Nature wearied of the vacuum, and I came to fill it. Oh, our old Mother Nature will have her little joke! Whenever she findeth a house, 'empty, swept, and garnished,' she straightway sendeth 'seven other spirits . . . and they enter in and dwell there: and the last estate of that man is worse than

the first.' Was it not prophesied that 'even so shall it be also unto this wicked generation?'

"Thus once more doth Satan quote Scripture. Nay, Ned, once more doth Satan fulfill the Scriptures. I'm your allotted seven devils, sent to occupy the 'empty, swept, and garnished' upper story that you have so vainly tried during some five hours a day to fill with fifty-two bespotted pasteboards, soiled, fouled with the tainting thoughts and corrupt influences of generations of idlers and shirkers in the game of life.

"Ha, Mr. Ned Conklin, Satan temporizes, indeed, but not forever!"

We were both taken back at this half satanic, half saintly harangue. Both of us realized well that we were getting the worse of the interview we had sought, but rather than discouraging us, it served as a stimulation to our curiosity.

Again the pointer began to glide around, this time slowly, hesitatingly.

"To watch at a little cradle—to hum a little lullaby—in the little game of reality—but hush! What has Satan to do with babes and cradles and reality? Nothing. I retire."

Though we made the best efforts that our ignorance of its rules suggested to us, we could not coax a spark of life back into the pointer that night.

The following evening, Ned started out by asking where our guest lived when he was not in our midst. There was a touch of respect in Ned's tone tonight, quite different than either of us had assumed on the former occasion. We were half fearful of Jeremiah Jerome's caustic tongue, and we had not forgotten the subtle rebuke of his farewell sentences.

With a soft, gentle movement, the pointer fairly purred in conciliation, as though it bespoke an unexpressed apology for its brusqueness and censure of the night before; and to our amazement, in response to Ned's question, it swung into verse.

"Where mists are lifted and gates swing wide,

On this hither side of the Great Divide;

Where man is stripped from pelf and gold,

And secrets of heart are laid bare and bold."

We sat far into the night, while by prose and by rhyme, with comedy and with tragedy, these two pieces of wood made entertainment and instruction for us.

From that time on, we forgot all about cards. As soon as the dinner dishes were out of the way, we repaired to the board and allowed Jeremiah Jerome to hold our minds captive. From mere responses to direct questions, he came to choose his own topics, and he wrote humorous verse, related amusing episodes, bantered heartily with Ned, or seriously propounded abstruse metaphysical theories. A fine, hearty state of fellowship sprang up between the three of us. We gradually cut his name from Mr. Jeremiah Jerome to Mr. Jerome, and then we dropped the title of courtesy, and called him simply Jerome. He concurred in this change with evident satisfaction. He was invariably agreeable, a good companion, and a lively, sparkling conversationalist.

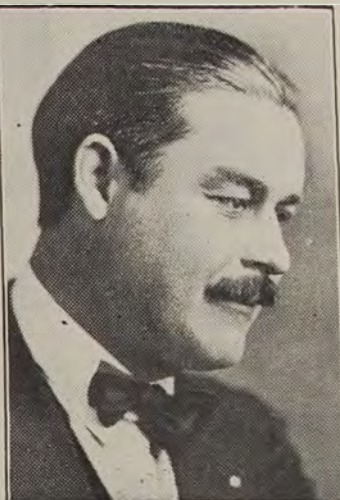
Naturally we wished to share this strange new experience with our friends; and a congenial, laughing company came to feel that Jerome was one of us, as surely present, and as uniformly characteristic as any of the others.

But a couple of peculiar circumstances came to sap the joy from these gatherings. The most beloved of the women friends that I had made in my new environment was an instructor in a college. One afternoon when she had dropped in for a little chat, I enthusiastically

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By DR. CLAUDE WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

A SUGGESTIBLE *Are You* HYPNOTIZED SOMNAMBULE EVERYDAY ?



DO YOU have more than your share of bad luck? Do you experience more accidents and make more mistakes than your neighbors? Are you extremely sentient without training in self control?

Then perhaps you are of that new classification in psychology that is best expressed by the term *Suggestible Somnambule*, a name selected by that great pioneer in psycho-therapeutics, Dr. Herbert A. Parkyn.

The somnambule is a person who reacts abnormally to suggestion and who usually acts impulsively on the first impression or emotion, without calling reason in to pass on it for approval or rejection.

Spiritualist societies, fanatical religious sects, reform leagues, political revolutions, epidemics and mobs are frequently largely made up of somnambules and their ill-considered acts play an important part in human affairs.

Their feelings are deep and intense with their reason shallow and superficial. Wars, labor troubles, religious hatred and intolerance, epidemics of disease and crime or reform and most of the destructive movements of the day may be ascribed to the domination of the abnormally suggestible individual. The success of religious revivals, the political landslide, business or industrial propaganda—all these depend for their success upon the suggestible somnambule.

He is a frequent visitor in police courts and a large proportion of wayward girls, petty thieves, shop lifters and minor criminals belong to this type. The somnambule may be high in general intelligence but he too often fails to use his reason. He is apt to act according to his feelings and first impressions and then he sets to work to find "reasons" why he acted as he did. These explanations generally satisfy him and are logical to him because he had adapted them to his superficial point of view and lack of analysis.

The somnambule is likely to be as variable as the wind and as undependable. When he does reason he may be as obstinate as any other individual, but generally he doesn't take time to reason. He is the man who is easily tempted and easily sold. He is the religious enthusiast who tends to backslide when he steps into another environment.

Sometimes the proper environment and education or rigid discipline imposed from without may establish in him habits of conduct that tend to make him a worthy citizen and pillar of society, but more often he is destined for a life of trouble and grief. He makes many acquaintances, but most of his friendships are smashed on the rocks of his vacillations.

The somnambule may be highly practical and achieve big results over short periods of time, but then he allows

the bottom to drop out of everything. He sees a point quickly, asking few questions and taking most things for granted. He may exhibit great courage because he does not bother to analyze danger and difficulties. He believes in himself when someone doesn't suggest too strongly the opposite. As long as he has confidence and his program is in harmony with common sense he gets things done.

The characteristics of the somnambule type are easily recognized by the experienced salesman, physician, minister, politician, lawyer, detective or newspaper man. Yet if one of these

professional men were asked how they pick the somnambule he probably would be at loss to give an explanation. He simply subconsciously feels that he could easily influence the subject.

The somnambule makes business good for the blue-sky promoter, the patent medicine vender, the revivalist, the "divine healer" and the flag-waving political orator.

The experienced evangelist knows that his congregation will contain a certain proportion of well-defined somnambules, and with his trained eye he can look over his audience and estimate approximately how many will "hit the saw-dust trail." Occasionally I have amused myself at revival meetings by picking out in advance those who will be the first to be converted, and I seldom have made an error.

The unscrupulous lawyer readily recognizes the somnambule on the witness stand, and by adroit handling he can either make the testimony valueless by confusing him or turn it to his own advantage by misleading him.

The detective knows that he may easily wring a confession from a perfectly innocent somnambule and psychologists who are familiar with the type know of cases where somnambules died in the electric chair, innocent victims of third degree hypnotism.

The somnambule may send an innocent person to the electric chair or to prison. Physicians, ministers, and other professional men are frequently the victims of somnambulistic women, who charge them with crimes never committed.

A well-known movie actor just recently was accused and disgraced by a perfectly respectable woman who was clearly a suggestible somnambule, as her confession eventually proved. Hollywood, California, is over run with movie-mad individuals who want to get into the pictures, because someone has told them that they will film well.

It is not uncommon in metropolitan police circles, following sensational newspaper stories of crime, to have one or more somnambules voluntarily come forward and confess to committing the crime, only to have the evi-

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Scientific CHARACTER ANALYSIS



RAMON NOVARRO

Metro-Goldwyn

RAMON NOVARRO, Movie Actor. He is handsome, and as perfectly proportioned in face, head and body, as a Greek model. Although he is smiling in this pose, his smile is a little stilted; it is not a natural pose for him. He is more himself, according to type, in "Scaramouche."

The expression of his eyes, in repose, shows great intensity, seriousness, determination and a great deal of pride. He will naturally be exclusive in association. He will love nature and animals and spend a good deal of time close to nature.

As a general rule, Sulphur Types are true to themselves and their own standards of character. They are less selfish than other types. Character and reputation mean everything to them, and if they have will power sufficient to hold themselves up to a high standard, they are happy and more contented. Some let themselves "go" through intensity of feelings, but seldom indeed do they sink to the commonplace.

THE word "Exsthetic" means throwing out feeling or emotional impulsiveness. "Ex" means out. "Esthetic" means feeling.

All the faculties of intensity, feeling, emotion and earnestness are in the lead in this type, and those faculties are acting in the most intense temperamental combination and under the influence of the most intense, volcanic and fiery chemical elements, i. e., sulphur, phosphorus, iron, producing great



NERVI-MOTIVE
Phosphorus
Sulphur
Calcium



MYOGENIC
Potassium



OXYSPHERIC
Oxygen



ATROPHIC
Phosphorus
Calcium

Each of the 19 Different Types Thinks, Acts, Feels, Works

Are You One of

electrical action, generating internal fumes of phosphorus, sulphur and potassium. This is the reason that the Sulphur Type should spend a good portion of their time in the open air and live close to nature where they can obtain sufficient oxygen to carry off ferments and gases in the system, especially carbonic, sulphurous, phosphorus and potash gases.

All the emotional and sympathetic faculties are powerfully developed, and acting under the influence of internal muscular electricity, electrical ferments, phosphorus and sulphur, the entire sympathetic system is highly keyed up, like a taut violin string that responds to the slightest musical vibration.

If variety is the spice of life, the Sulphur Type is the spiciest individual of all the types, for her moods are constantly changing. Sulphur is used up in temper, anger and excitement. It is the predominating element in the person who is governed by impulse and sensitiveness. The Sulphur Type is a feminine constitution generally, though many of the "matinee idols" belong to this type. They are beautiful in face and coloring, and harmonious in body contour, symmetrical in feature. They have a thousand charming and fascinating qualities, and some have as many irritating qualities. They have beautiful, fluffy, or wiry, luxuriant hair, usually blonde and rich in color, yellow, golden reddish, auburn or chestnut brown.

They usually have long arms, limbs, neck, feet, hands, fingers, face and bodies. Their heads are long and oval in shape, as is also the face and the body itself. In fact, they are harmonious in bodily build. They are refined and cultured in appearance, though sometimes they may carry a haughty, distant, exclusive expression. They dress well, have excellent taste; they may sing, play and act. They are versatile, adaptable and able to entertain. They are full of sentimental emotion, sympathetic but very fussy.

The principles that underlie the ailments of the Sulphur Type are

- (a) Electrical ferments.
- (b) Nerve intensity.

There is always an underlying principle at work in every constitution which results in characteristic ailments, as for instance, too much phlegm in the Nitrogen Type; too much water in the Hydrogen Type; impurity in the Pargenic. In the Sulphur

or Exsthetic Type it is electrical ferments and nerve intensity. There is centralization of heat in some special part of the system.

Sulphur as a body chemical is a poor conductor of heat, and therefore the nerves become hot and dry in this type, making them uncomfortable, uneasy, restless. There is generation of internal phosphorus and sulphur fumes, caused by intense mentation, nerve action and emotion, breaking down the phosphorus in the brain, the potash, magnesium, sulphur and iron salts, for these salts are always broken down in people during times of intense emotion. The Exsthetic Type often explodes like electricity in the clouds, but the electrical storm passes quickly, for so soon as her tensely relaxed, she is pleasing as April sunshine. She is an extremist in mind, moods and outbursts; now calm, then stormy; now sunny, then murky; now rainy, threatening, thundering; cold; then balmy, pleasing and spring-like—thus manifesting many emotional variations of character and moods perhaps in a single day.

Persons of this type are under high pressure, intense, active, sensitive, excitable, nervous and spasmodic. They act in everything at high speed. They are proud and ambitious. They are much interested in the soul and in the expression of the soul. They study expression of emotions. Sometimes they are much interested in some form of religion or metaphysics.

Principal Disease Tendencies and Diet

Medicine will never cure this type; nature must cure them. Their trouble is in the nerves and in the body chemistry. Bitter salads, loaded with the magnesium and potassium elements is required every day to supply blood and liver salts, to keep the nerves cool and to eliminate sulphur fumes from the system. Foods containing magnesium break down sulphur fumes and electrical ferments in this Type. There is nothing better.

When the vitality runs low in this Type they suffer from nervous ailments, hysterical nervous prostration, neuralgia, sciatica, persistent headaches, acidity, cerebral congestion, chest oppression (feel they cannot get enough air), cramps, delusions, skin eruptions, gastro-intestinal difficulties, spasmodic rheumatism, throat contractions, splenic motor or muscular prostration, prolapse

of the 19 TYPES of PEOPLE and their Diet



NEUROGENIC
Phosphorus



EXESTHESIC
Sulphur



DESMOGENIC
Sodium



ISOGENIC
Calcium
Carbon

Plays and Lives in Ways Peculiar to His Chemical Make-up

The Sulphur Types?

of the vital organs. They suffer from sluggish elimination because all of the eliminative organs, with the exception of the skin, are inactive and sluggish. Sulphur fumes out off oxygen, so they always suffer from insufficient amount of fresh air. They have a weak liver, portal system, spleen, pancreas, stomach, bowels, consequently they are unable to throw off excess sulphur, acidity, waste matter and toxins. These accumulate in the system.

They should avoid acid foods, such as sweets and fats and much starch foods. Electric light treatments to the body, intelligently given, as well as sun baths (being sure to always keep the head out of the sun and away from heat) are very beneficial to the Sulphur patient in times of sickness. They need hot applications to the body and cool applications to the head. They should be taught deep abdominal breathing. Swedish massage is good for them at times, because of the sluggishness of the circulation. They should take daily light physical exercises. Citric acid fruits, such as oranges, lemons, limes, grape fruit, currants, pineapple, etc., are acidity neutralizers in their diet, and these fruits should be used more or less daily.

Raw egg yolk mixed with orange juice or grape fruit, taken every day, is an excellent food and tonic for this type, but care should be taken not to take too much, because of the sulphur contained. Not more than one raw egg yolk should be taken each day, and this not for more than three months at a time.

Food containing iron, potassium, sodium, chlorine and calcium phosphate should be eaten by the Sulphur, or Exesthetic Type, each day, to keep the supply of these elements equal to the demand put upon the system. Such foods as blackberries, spinach, cranberries, oatmeal preparations, Roquefort cheese, Swiss cheese, cottage cheese or goat cheese, seafoods, with the exception of crabs, which contain too much sulphur, raw egg yolk with orange or grapefruit juice.

One green onion eaten about once a month is usually very good for this type. Too much onion will make them sick, but just a little occasionally stimulates the liver and spleen. Coconut preparations are especially good, and raw vegetable salads with rye or whole wheat bread is a good combination

for an entire meal once a day. Pistachio nuts or salted almond nuts are excellent foods for this type, but they should be ground and eaten sparingly, not more than a tablespoonful at a time, possibly two, eaten with other foods and well masticated. Easily digested meats may be eaten, though the most of the diet of this type should be vegetarian, some nuts and cheese, but only the kinds of cheese mentioned.

These are a few of the foods that are needed by the Exesthetic Type, and if they use such foods every day, they are able to keep themselves physically fit.

Exesthetic people are healthy but not really strong and robust. For this reason they usually overdo and may become sickly if they work too hard in an unfavorable and inharmonious environment. Happiness makes them well; they live more in the mind than in the body. People of this Type should give themselves the right environment, for they are more affected by environment than other types. They should live near the forest or near the ocean. They need outdoor exercise and motion, travel, and a diet rich in vegetable salts and phosphorized fat. They need association with people who are pleasing; they must exercise the platonic love affections, and they should avoid those whom they dislike and who irritate them.

Sulphur is the agent of soul expression. "No phosphorus, no thought," says the German philosopher. He might as well have added, "No sulphur, no sensation, no soul communication with body and matter, no sense, no life, no soul expression."

Sulphur as an element in the body is the medium between mind and soul. It has a great deal to do with the phosphoro-psychical processes and serves as a communication medium between soul and brain and between soul and sensory physical states. Sulphur is the communicative, regulative and magnetic medium of thought action, nerve impulsion, soul intelligence, telegraphy and emotive transmission.

Lack of sulphur affects life, nerve and soul expression and results in a peculiar kind of neurasthenia, psycho-neurosis, enfeeblement of the mind, low vital states, very difficult to cure. It produces nerve, brain, skin and liver heat, hence causes nervousness.

Sulphur excess makes the disposition volcanic, and the feelings moody.



ELSIE FERGUSON

WONDER if the sparks of human electricity fly when Elsie strokes her cat? When the Sulphur Type stroke fur or come near an electrical article, electric sparks fly, for it is an electrical type.

Elsie Ferguson is a real artist of expression, one of the most refined, graceful and beautiful of actresses. She has excellent taste in dress, manners and is highly cultured. A true Sulphur Type, she is dissatisfied with conditions everywhere, ever reaching out and up for that which is more perfect. She has tried marriage and found it wanting. She waited long for her ideal man to appear, and when she thought he had come, and married him, she evidently found he was not as perfect as she would have him. She is an enigma to herself, husband and friends. If she knew sulphur, the "soulful" element, she would know herself also.

Here we see her in a domestic pose. She is half professional and half domestic in inclination, as is the case with most Exesthetic (Sulphur) Types. They are not wholly satisfied with either, but want both expressions of life.

The love of a man in whom sulphur consumption is excessive is ardent and highly romantic, but his love is changeable. Today his sweetheart is a goddess, tomorrow he may not care for her, nor for marriage.

The Sulphur lady is a puzzle to doctors, to her friends and to all who know her.

Her diseases are of the nerves and may never be cured by operations. Correct diet will cure her, according to her chemical needs.

The Scientific Principle of PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

By Daniel H. Bonus, D. P.

A psychoanalyst who believes that many of our past experiences are obstacles that bar our progress to living the life we should individually express.

AMID the confusion of popular psychology with its under-current of superstition based on religious dogma, it is difficult to impress the world with the fact that psycho-analysis deals with fundamentals just as basic as those in any other field of scientific effort.

The philosopher tells us what he feels to be the truth and cites tradition as proof of the truth. The scientist tells us what he finds to be the truth, regardless of how he feels about it. The philosopher sets forth a set of beliefs and rules; the scientist describes his findings as the result of actual experiment under conditions that show the manner or method by which the results are gained.

The philosophic method has characterized most of the psychology of the past. Secretly it has sought to maintain the ethical superstitions of the past, regardless of the fact that such ethical concepts, being opposed to physiological well-being, have been causing a steady increase of nervous and mental ills.

In scientific psycho-analysis we aim to investigate the question as to whether the opinions, judgments and beliefs of the individual are aiding him in the pursuit of health and happiness or whether his particular set of opinions are stumbling blocks in his progress.

A man believes that he is worthless and that it is impossible for him to accomplish anything worth while. He cites his past experience as proof of his contention. Where did this idea come from? How did it originate and why does it bring about such disastrous results, controlling his every action? We commence a careful study of his history, probing his memories far back into childhood. We find that he was spoiled and petted in infancy, as long as he continued to do as he was told by his mother.

THINK

THINK! Do you dare? Have you dared? Perhaps you don't believe that it takes courage to think. Thinking requires greater heroism than that of the knights of old who fought mighty battles for their fair ladies. A single foe to overcome and the worst was over. The thinker today is surrounded by myriads of foes waiting to crush him.

These foes of thinking are not only all about you but within your own mind. Stored away there are the accumulations of fallacies concerning yourself and the people and things about you. When you try to think truthfully and honestly these past impressions rise up before you, these ghosts of the past, the beliefs of your parents, teachers and companions. "Think as WE do and you will be right." That is the message conveyed by the past. But how are you going to think for yourself with all this mess in your way?

My friend, that's where courage comes in. Are you willing to doubt the wisdom of your past advisers? Are you willing to examine the world and its affairs without reference to what someone else has thought? Are you willing to throw overboard the cherished beliefs of ages and arrive at a conclusion that its really your own?

Wipe the slate clean and make up your mind to see things as they are if you wish to develop, grow, and accomplish something worth-while in this world. All the great contributions to progress have been made by people who had the courage to cast aside prejudice—people who were willing to be considered "different" for the sake of an idea.

A revolution in thinking is taking place. Old ideas are giving way to new. You and I must keep pace with rapid changes if we are not to be lost in the shuffle. Every man's opinion is worth something if it is really his opinion.

Have your own opinions about life, family, business, love, and the many interests of humankind. But let these opinions come from your own thinking. The independent thinker is capable of bringing to his feet the "cream of the earth." It's well worth the struggle. So here goes for a great fight—a fight with the forces within us, holding us back, and the forces without, that chain us to the devastating past.

BE YOURSELF

With the appearance of natural boyish desires such as going to the woods, swimming, fishing and playing with other children, he displeased his mother and elicited from her sharp criticism accompanied by severe chastisement. With the worship of his mother already impressed upon him, he could not understand why she was so cruel. He also found himself unable to sacrifice his boyish desires for play even though his mother disapproved. Distrust of his mother accumulated and the belief was born that if he could not trust her, he could not trust anyone else. Without realizing it, he began to believe exactly what his mother told him, i. e., that he would never amount to anything. The net result of this opinion was that he failed to attempt anything worth while, believing that he would fail anyway. "What's the use?" is his favorite remark.

This man's attitude toward himself is a beautifully constructed fairy-tale in which he plays the part of the suffering hero. There cannot possibly be any truth in his opinions because he has never done anything to test them out. In reality he possesses a high grade ability which simply needs application for development.

In like manner each one of us carries about a system of thinking that interferes with healthy functioning. Psycho-analysis is a method of investigating the early impressions in order to see what is working to the disadvantage of the individual.

Truth remains the truth, regardless of what we think. The muscles crave action and the whole organism functions according to natural principles that are totally apart from our pet intellectual theories, religions, creeds, philosophical standards and rules. Any idea that inter-

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“People do not realize what an important part colors play in human affairs”

Occult Chromotherapy

The ALCHEMY of COLOR

In Your Everyday Life

I.

Matter and Its Qualities

AFTER centuries of research, physical and mental, scientists have finally come to the conclusion that *matter* is a series of more or less constant vibrations of different intensity, in various ways perceptible to our senses. They have found that matter is visible to us through our eyes and audible to us through our ears; they have experienced that matter can be felt, tasted and smelled through our different organs of sense, which have been developed for such a purpose; they are aware that matter, thus observed, can be divided up into diverse groups by the assistance of our mental faculties, and that we can think, speak and write about qualities of matter that we have contacted through our senses, after having decided upon definite names for the various objects, qualities and attributes.

From time immemorial occultists have insisted that everything in the world which we perceive with the assistance of our sense organs is in a perpetual fluidity or motion, that it constantly changes, slowly and almost imperceptibly in the mineral kingdom, faster and with the changes easily perceptible in the vegetable, animal and human kingdoms. The recent discovery of radioactive elements has demonstrated the changeability also in the mineral realm. And the different kinds of visible objects in the sky, nebulae, comets, fixed stars or suns, planets and moons, have told the same story. Their movements and the changes observed in them have demonstrated beyond doubt that even the remote objects in stellar space are subject to gradual changes and are in perpetual motion. In this way scientific observation has demonstrated the correctness of the dicta of occultists.

As through our ears we can perceive sounds which have been class-



By JACOB BONGGREN, D. L.

One of the sanest men in this country—one of our greatest occultists is Dr. Jacob Bonggren, a man who has watched the newer cults and isms come and go with the tide of time, against the background of the older religions. With a lifetime's experience he has studied their tenets, made friends with their leaders, but with the editorial eye of practical analysis in his search for facts, he has culled from all, the truths that conform to natural law and common sense. If you aren't a reader of this series of articles on color, you are missing something mighty well worth while.

Color is life—life is color, the vibrating, vitalic, vitaminic energy manifest in all animal, mineral and vegetable nature.

Color harmony is creative of health, beauty and success. Color discord is destructive in disease, fear and failure.

Color vibration is the keynote of psychism that opens the doors to THE GREAT WHITE LIGHT or it may open the doors to THE BLACK OF HELL itself.

ified and divided up into the different notes of the gamuts of nations, and as we hear seven distinct notes in different combinations and of different gradations, thus through our eyes we observe different forms, mostly complex ones, and different colors, mostly combinations and shades of color. There are many different forms, but underlying them all are several fundamental geometrical figures:

- (1) the point,
- (2) the straight line,
- (3) the angle,
- (4) the triangle,
- (5) the square,
- (6) the curved line, and
- (7) the circle.

There are many different color combinations, but underlying them all are the seven prismatic colors:

- (1) red,
- (2) orange,
- (3) yellow,
- (4) green,
- (5) blue,
- (6) indigo, and
- (7) violet,

so plainly visible to us in the rainbow and through prisms of rock crystal and of glass. Astronomy and spectral analysis demonstrate to us without any possibility of doubt that the same form and color combinations which exist here on earth are to be found everywhere in the myriads of worlds in space.

Through our other sense organs we perceive similar gradations as qualities of matter. There is a distinct gradation from subtle, penetrating, delicious taste and smell, corresponding to high notes and light colors, to heavy, unpleasant taste and smell, corresponding to low notes and dark colors. There is a great variety of touch impressions that also can be classified, from the most pleasant and stimulating to the most unpleasant, disgusting and depressing.

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By LEYNORD R. GRAY

Mahatma GANDHI

“Strength does not come from physical capacity. It comes from an indomitable will. Non-Violence does not mean meek submission to the will of the evil-doer, but the putting of one’s whole soul against the will of the tyrant. Working under this law of our being, it is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an unjust empire and lay the foundation for that empire’s fall or regeneration.” —MAHATMA GANDHI.

MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI, the pacifist and idealist, the friend of Tolstoy and Tagore, and idol of millions, is accomplishing the impossible in a way which has fairly stunned the militant British. He is regenerating India and awakening the masses from a sleep of many centuries.

With the combination of an inherent racial indolence, climatic conditions, and the various religious sects, which are for the most part the very personification of inaction, one could not expect much progress. The masses are the same today as they were centuries ago—ignorant, superstitious, and the prey to every wave of plague and famine which comes along. While the few educated and enlightened ones spend their time in meditation, the masses around them, in time of need, die like fleas. Philosophical speculation has never clothed nor fed the millions, nor has it improved agricultural conditions, thereby preventing famines. Unless one believes that the masses exist for the few, agricultural betterment should be of paramount importance as it is only through this that their conditions can be improved. India has long awaited a savior, and has found one in Gandhi who seems preordained and appointed to work for the betterment of the down-trodden.

Gandhi was born in 1868, and married at the age of twelve. He was sent to the University of London at the age of nineteen to study law. Here he went through a strange inner change which seemed to be the crisis of his life. Returning to India in 1891, he began to practice law. This troubled his conscience so deeply that he gave it up as wrong and unfair. He had long wished to be of help to the suffering millions, and his first opportunity came when the British authorities began persecuting the Indian emigrants who had settled in Natal, South Africa. Later, in 1919, when India sought for

freedom and home rule, he organized a non-cooperative movement, a boycott of everything British. This great work was successful, and little, if any, blood was shed. This passive resistance was more effective than martial strife. The Indian National Congress has been entirely won over by his gentle and most effective ways. His word is a command to millions. He wields a power, which, while conscious and rational, is, to the average individual, as mysterious as that of Rasputin, the “Black Monk” of Russia. Yet Gandhi is but applying the ethical principles which are the basis of all true religion.

He has been abused and imprisoned by the British authorities, called a heretic by Christianized Hindus, and a Saint by many millions. He is a heretic in much the

same sense that other leaders have been. He stands for progression, not retrogression. He sponsors the democratic spirit among women, and has done much to free and liberate them from musty, traditional caste rules and superstitions. He is opposed to child marriages on the grounds that it weakens the race. But his greatest work is the undoing of the work of centuries. That is, the breaking up of the caste system, the greatest curse of India. He is devoting all his energy to the great work, and hopes by education eventually to wipe out this evil for all time.

He has founded a number of newspapers and is Editor of “Young India” and “Nava Yuga.” His influence is felt throughout the civilized world, where he has won countless converts among writers and persons of public prominence.

In his comparatively few years of life he has perhaps done more for his people than all the wise and holy men of centuries.

He lives in the greatest of simplicity and is a profound student of the Upanishads and Vedic scriptures. Possessed of a moderate fortune, he gave this to the poor, and

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MAHATMA GANDHI

The Evolution Inquisition

Hell-Bent-for-Heaven

IN THE year 1925, in Dayton, a little town nestling among the hills of Tennessee, war was declared upon the human race. The skirmish began in a corner drug store. From there it was carried into the Circuit Court of the State of Tennessee. July 10th, the first guns were fired, and the bombardment began against civilization.

The trouble started when a highly developed, oratorical male of the human species refused to be mentioned as a possible near-relation to the monkey, another highly developed specimen of the tribe of man, whose habits were more peaceful than the first named.

The original question was, "WAS MAN A MONKEY IN HIS NATURAL State?"

This before-mentioned oratorical male of the human species saw a good swimming hole and took a plunge, after which he bridled and spurred his donkey and with his Bible set forth, astride of this ancient animal, to canvass the State of Tennessee as an Aunty-Evolutionist.

Now this particular individual, known by name as William Jennings Bryan, could not make his tribesmen understand what evolution meant. To get their attention he said to them:

"Fellow tribesmen, Your Bible—the last word on the creation of our tribe—is being attacked. We must defend it. Lend me your ears and your support, and we will make laws to protect our God, compelling these Evolutionists to accept His Holy Word in our state. From here we will move into the Capitol of all the States and force all people to obey our mandates."



EVOLUTION

—From Ziffs

Then in a louder tone he threatened, "If you don't follow me, you will become captives, you and your wives, your children and your beasts of burden, of these dissenters of God's law. They will destroy our Bible and disrupt our religion."

When he had done speaking, these poor people of Tennessee were sore afraid and cried with one voice,

"Where you lead, Brother Bryan, we will blindly follow."

Thus did this deceiver ply his arts to bring these loving and trusting people to the sacrifice.

It is not the question of religion versus evolution that is being tried out in the courts of Tennessee. It is a THREAT to make ALL people adopt and support the religion of Wm. Jennings Bryan and his colleagues. The question of evolution is not being debated; neither will it be. The question from start to finish is a religious one—instigated, propagated and promulgated—to throttle advancement of any and all free thought that will help establish the origin of man and his advancement by a rational and sane appeal-to-reason.

These anti-evolutionists are not objecting to modern inventions for their comfort and safety, but just let anything be advanced that weakens their accepted interpretation of their brand of religion and every mother's son of the scapegoats are hell-bent for Heaven—we find them dead up to their necks—mumbling their prayers, waking up only when they fall over an idea put out by an independent thinker, and disturbed in their waking trance, they wildly beat the air but never seem to "come to" sufficiently to ask what it all means.

These poor people are easily carried away by a silver-tongued orator and made to pay the price—16 to 1. Deluded into believing that their God is in danger they willingly sacrifice their all to save that God from his enemies.

Does Bryan believe in the power of God? He proves by his statements that he does *not*. Does he believe that God made man out of dust of the earth and then made a woman from a rib taken from Adam? He does not!

William Jennings Bryan is a sane man. He is *the publicity man* for the churches that have become whited sepulchers. They are making their *last* grandstand move to save their incomes; and, playing upon the weaknesses of the populace, *they have struck the keynote*.

This movement has been well-fed and coached and the leaders know their tribes well. They will lead those they can, drive those they can not lead and those they can not drive—will they brutally murder, once they get into power?

This prosecution is the searchlight for the *persecution* that will follow. Every movement that does *not* believe in hell-fire from Heaven will be made *law-bound*. Prohibitive laws will be international and will cover everything from a human being to a gnat; prohibiting everything that a passage in the Bible can be found to fit.

Freemen—Do You Want to Retain Your Freedom? Now is the Time to Let Your Voices be Raised in Protest.

Religionists have bitterly fought every movement of advanced thought that has been created, always being able to defend their opposition by a passage from the Bible. The last attack is the most pitiful of all and should disgust every thinking man and woman and arouse them to their danger.

This same class of mind are fighting the twilight sleep for mothers at childbirth, giving as their reason the same old anesthetic to the people, "God intended women to suffer in child-bearing. It is her punishment for the sin of Eve" (Genesis 3:16).

The intolerance and bigotry of such leaders keep the people in slavery to an avenging God whom they miscall "Love"—sacrificing yearly, millions of children, to the God of their traditions.

Now comes this *evolution inquisition*. Shall it be said that in 1925, the children of the civilized world were bound and gagged by a band of religious bigots and deprived of their mental liberties? Who will lead an army against this travesty of the human race? Who will lead *the thinkers* into the camps of these enemies of truth and progression?

Who will destroy their strongholds and free their captives?

In this great day of mental advancement *shall we stand idly by* and watch humanity die at the hands of these bigots posing as agents of a dead religion?



WHEN THEY CREATED MAN FROM THE DUST, in that good old hifalutin' evolutin' time

EVOLUTION *by Langdon Smith*

A Mystical Interpretation

By NATHANIEL RUBINKAM

Written for The Occult Digest
Illustrations by Courtesy Chicago Herald Examiner

"WHEN you were a tadpole and I was a fish."

This charming bit of inspiration is by a New York newspaper man. He called it a Fantasy. It was begun twenty years ago, but was published in its present form in 1906. The author was mentally and imaginatively steeped in Darwin.

The poem draws quite an accurate picture of the untold ages of development. From the standpoint of biology, we see ourselves a brother, a sister, of every animal and plant, back to the first life on the globe.

It is very simple, most natural, fascinatingly democratic. You are not obliged to throw yourself into any trance or into any special spiritual mood, in order to enter into its idea. Keep your mind clear of metaphysical notions, unmixed with religious hypotheses, and you will receive genuine enjoyment.

You would do well to know a little of embryology—of the infant in the womb, of the bird in the egg, of the seed in the sack; or of paleontology, the knowledge of plants and animals found fossil in the crust of the earth at successive stages of evolution.

All scientific facts are illuminating. Wait until you have learned and digested all the truths of nature, before you mystify your mind with metaphysics.

Since I have become a lover of natural science, I have often wished that the fates had led me into the field of the outer world, into wonderful nature instead of into the useless speculations of theology.

Langdon Smith is sitting at a table in the Delmonico Restaurant in New York. His girl sits opposite him. He had a very congenial marriage with a Marie Antoinette Wright. He died at the early age of fifty years. His wife, as though unwilling to live without him, followed him within five weeks.

As he sits and sips and sups with his girl, he says in the first verse:

I.

"When you were a tadpole and I was a fish
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide,
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,

Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,

My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then."

This was the age when we were all dwellers in the sea. The surface of the earth was entirely covered with water.

We were all fishes. You carry in your body the vestigia of your ancient sea-existence. Your embryo shows two gill-slits on the side of your neck. You were once fitted to live beneath the waves.

Darwin tells us that our progenitors were aquatic. Our lungs, embryonically, are evolved from a swim-bladder which once served as a float. If you have not learned to swim you have forgotten your ancestry. You were once a fish. The best swimmer I ever knew had no arms from birth, and made his living by exhibitions of swimming, gliding through the water with all fish-like grace.

In reply to an inquiry, Langdon Smith, in his fantasy, is not, in my opinion, exploiting any notion of soul-transmigration. He has a vision of racial and cosmic ancestral life. His poem would prove too much if it turned to prose and said that his girl was once an actual tadpole, and he once positively a fish.

Every rose on the bush is a new rose, every fish is a new fish, and every human individuality is a new existence in the world. Henrik Ibsen draws idealistically a new personality in Peer Gynt, a compound of his father and mother. Through this parentage the traits and characteristics of a vast heritage enter into his being. It has no analogy of a tenant moving from one house to another. The poet is supposed to pay a graceful compliment to his sweetheart in the first line: "When you were a tadpole and I was a fish." The tadpole is a step higher in evolution. It is a fish a tiny bit more developed. It could better bear the first air-and-land condition, as they paddled about in the ooze and slime left around the fossiliferous rocks by the ebbing tide.

"For I loved you even then." There existed the incipient love-passion in the earliest forms of paleozoic life, even before they had what could be called mind. Wherever life was, love was.



EVOLUTION

by
Langdon
Smith

"Your life is new" substantiates our interpretation of the poet's natural idea, not of a continuity of life, but the freshness of each individual in the world. The life is new, yet the form is very old.

XII.

"Our trail is on the Kimmeridge Clay,
And the scarp of the Purbeck flags,
We have left our bones on the bagshot
stones,
And deep in the Coralline crags;
Our love is old, our lives are old,
And death shall come amain;
Should it come today, what man may
say
We shall not live again?"

This has no reference to the old idea of immortality. It is the looking forward to the superman. As our lovers have come up from the lower planes of life, the poem expresses the belief that the order of evolution shall go on. It is a marvelous biological story. From the womb of the past, they have come into the present stage of the unfolding. The path is open in both directions. Their destiny is subject to the natural selection that would choose the fittest, what Nietzsche calls the aristocracy of efficiency. Who shall say that they shall not tread the endless trail that stretches on into the future? Who shall say that they shall not live on in the coming race, in life and love as it shall develop into the superman?

XIII.

"God (that is, Nature) wrought our
souls from the Tremadoc beds
And furnished them wings to fly;
He sowed our spawn in the world's
dim dawn,
And I know that it shall not die;
Though cities have sprung above the
graves
Where the crook-boned men made war,
And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried
cave,
Where the mummied mammoths are."

XIV.

"Then, as we linger at luncheon here,
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when
you
Were a tadpole and I was a fish."

This poem is a splendid example of cosmic consciousness from the standpoint of biology, the science of life. We are links in an endless chain. In evolution we stand on a trail and look backward and forward. There has been a marvelous unrolling in the past, and the vista of the future unfolds. We are the supermen of the tadpole and the fish, and there is certainly a superman ahead. Here is not dogmatism, but a beautiful, optimistic fantasy. To me the poem gives a great impetus, a motif for genuine integrity, right thinking, the fullness of life and of love, by which we shall sow the best spawn, contribute the noblest blood, for the coming humanity, for the new, glorious superman.

Tennessee's rejection of evolution is the entering wedge to progress. Religion has buried itself under its own volcanic eruption. Nature in her super-intelligence has given a supreme law through which every created thing is immortal. Evolution is not dead, it sleepeth yet awhile. Day-break will come, and behold the stone the builders rejected will become the cornerstone of the new civilization.

TENNESSEE



MY LAST HOUR

By Charles G. Kidney

Illustrations by Mahra Cramer

"I AM CALM. In spite of their damnable persecution I am tranquil and serene. I see my reflection in the mirror. My eyes are bright—burning and hollow—but it is from suffering and hunger, not madness.

"My cheeks are hollow, my brow pale but I see an ethereal gleam in my eyes. It is an omen—a promise that soon I shall soar throughout the celestial spaces. I shall be freed from this terrestrial clod and shall wander unincumbered throughout the ethereal vastness.

"The fools, they refused me food, even denied me warmth and cursed me when I begged for drugs. Damn them, they may rot here in the chaos of their own making, gorged with food and stinking with heat but I—I shall be free from suffering and care. I shall float lightly through the ether, thrilling with fiendish glee at the suffering of the foul fiends and demons in human form who even denied me transportation on their crude contraption which they turn to in their petty, filthy pride and call street car.

"Ha!—they, fools that they are, denying me transportation for a few petty blocks while I hold within my grasp transportation for millions of miles, a ticket for admission to the next act of life that may exist for aeons.

"The dolts, the earth worms, they think they know something about transportation. Their clumsy trains go rumbling by. Their coughing, rattling automobiles creep roughly along like a worm clinging to the bough of a tree. Their noisy, blustering aeroplane rises a few feet above its earth-bound companions and looking downward with a supercilious smile, calls the attention of the whole world to its wonderful achievement. It is at best, a disgustingly vulgar and egotistical conception of transportation, with its noise and smoke, confined as it is to the comparatively thin envelope of air that surrounds this earth.

"Their noblest achievement is so pitiful in comparison with soaring lightly through the limitless ether for millions upon millions of miles.

"The fools—the asses, what contempt I feel for people with such a paucity of resources! Yes, damn them, they denied me food and warmth. They cursed me and laughed at my distress when I begged for drugs but now—now I laugh at them. My stomach no longer craves material food. I care for no earthly heat.

"True, my feet are numb, but my eyes—Ah! see how they gleam—how they burn. What need do I—the ethereal being—have for material things?

"Ah! what is that? Is it the spirit calling?

"I've only a moment or two left. I hear the shutters rattle dismally. Fine particles of snow are drifting through the broken window pane. They strike me in the face but I do not mind. Why should I? I defy the elements. I am impervious to all material forces.

"What is this cumbersome body for which I have suffered? Nothing, nothing at all. I am leaving it now.

"Ha! Ha! I am leaving it to those fools—damn them!—those fiends who refused me food and warmth when I craved them. Those demons who cursed me when I begged for drugs to alleviate the suffering of this material body, but now—now I laugh at them—I taunt them with their weakness, their poor earth-bound condition for I—I am leaving this old worn out shell. See, I am leaving.

"Ah! now this former body of mine is growing cold. It can move neither leg—they are frozen stiff, but my eyes—see how they gleam! I am warm. I am leaving all suffering behind.

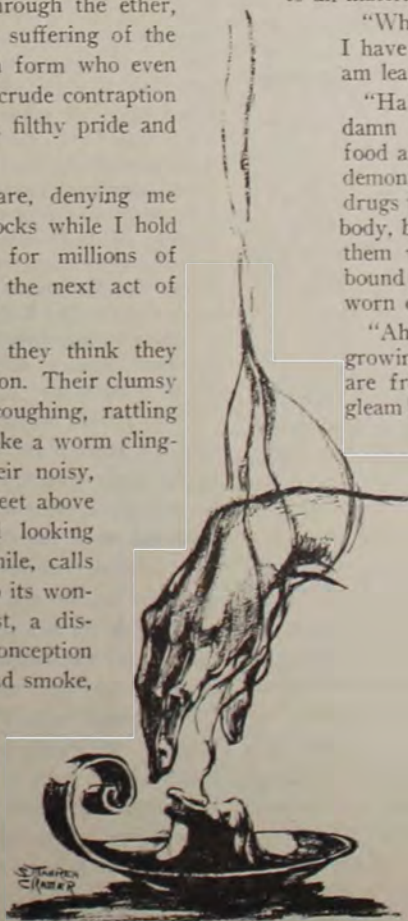
"How I pity those fools, those poor earth mortals!

"I warm my right hand over the flickering candle. It is about gone. I am drawing from this body gradually. The left arm lies heavily upon the table. It can no longer move.

"Ah! Ah! I feel the numbness creeping up. My heart! My God, something is clutching it, crushing it, as though in a mighty vice.

"I am leaving. I am withdrawing from this body. My fingers are growing stiff. The candle is flickering in its last feeble attempt, but, Ha! my eyes, see how they burn!

"The candle is gone—all is in darkness. I must—be—going."



The Conclusion of a Series of CONFESSIONS of an OCCULTIST

By Tat Tvam Asi

WE CANNOT blame those who have no faith in Universal Brotherhood and who despise fraternal cooperation, when we see that they work for their own petty schemes of personal promotion and separate profit. In the Universal Enmity, which is the characteristic of all outlaws, the watchword is, "Let each save himself, and let the devil take the hindmost." Among those who deny that great fact in nature, Spiritual Unity, we see the halfhearted cooperation among thieves, which ends abruptly when the spoil is to be divided and when all claim the lion's share. Competition is their scheme of life, and whenever unprogressed outlaws, those on the Downward Path, try cooperation, it is simply a cooperation for competition with more advanced men, whose position they envy and whose possessions they covet, trying to take by violence what they cannot get by other means.

Of the unprogressed rabble you cannot expect anything better. None can gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles. It is by their fruits the trees are known. By man's acts man's virtue is measured. In the scheme of evolution a time comes when the individual becomes aware of the failure of competition and proclaims his faith in cooperation. Words are cheap, and many are those who pretend to have faith in higher wisdom and better acts to gain favor by it. A hypocrite is he who pretends to be wise enough to prefer brotherly cooperation to unbrotherly fights, but who avoids putting into practice what he preaches. We have lots of people like that all around us. They have finally become aware that Evil, which rules by creating dissension after the Roman scheme *Divide et impera*, leads unfailingly to destruction, and that in Union is strength. And wanting strength, they confess their faith in Union. This is, to begin with, only a pretention with many. They pretend to start on the Upward Path, hoping to gain something by it. Such pretenders are the worst enemies of the true seekers. Every religion has them. There were such among the early Christians. The apostle James, brother of Jesus, asked, "What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? Can faith save him? . . . Wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?"

The Theosophical Society, which this year celebrates its golden jubilee, was seven years and ten months old when I discovered it and wrote to Mr. A. P. Sinnett for further information, in order to join it. He responded promptly, and I joined. Of the three people who signed my membership card, I met the great organizer, the President-Founder, Col. H. S. Olcott, and found him eagerly appreciative of our cooperation. Through Countess Constance Wachtmeister I became first a personal pupil of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the second one to sign my card, and later a member of her Eastern School, when it was started, getting the benefit of her direct tuition, as long as she was with us. Damodar K.

Mavalankar, the recording secretary, the last of the three to sign my card, was soon afterward called to his Master in Tibet, and is there still. The vice president of the T. S., one of its founders and member of its Second Section, William Q. Judge, I met after his return to America from India and Europe, and we became fast friends, which we remained even after the separation of the American Section from its parent society, a step which I understood but regretted, believing, as I do, in Unity. The Heresy of Separateness remains a heresy and is never a true doctrine, no matter what separatists may say. If separation had been desirable, why then were A. P. Sinnett and A. O. Hume repeatedly told by the Masters that they could have no T. S. outside of and unconnected with the original organization, excluding the President-Founder, who, with all his defects, had gained merit as an organizer and a faithful worker? "Ingratitude," said the Masters, "is not one of our vices."

Among those whose real aim in life is not getting wisdom and helping others, but *personal promotion* and *separate profit*, there are many who pretend to believe in Universal Brotherhood and call themselves theosophists, even though they are nothing but hair-splitting separatists, condemning all those who don't believe in the dead letter of their favorite theosophical books, and looking down upon all who prefer to use some of the Seven Keys that H. P. B. so often mentioned. Even among the theosophists we have Fundamentalists who stick to dead letter formulas, who deny interpretation, the Spirit that giveth life, and who never expect to learn anything outside of their own Holy Writ. Theosophists "for revenue only" are nothing but pretenders, no matter where you find them. Any one who denies to others the same right to think that he craves for himself, the same privilege to interpret what he reads and observes as he himself claims, is a humbug and no spiritual leader, no matter who he is.

De te fabula narratur, "It is of you the fable speaks," said the Roman fabulist. It is for every one of us to apply to ourselves the truths that we learn. If Brotherhood is good, then let us forget each other's shortcomings and work for the *mutual* good, even if we believe that some of our brothers and sisters are not quite as orthodox as we are. Every one of us is individually responsible for his ideas and his acts, not by any means to you and me, but to those much higher up. If Unity is good, why stir up strife and work for separation? To cooperate with those who want to study so as to learn is preferable to cooperation with fighting specimens of the tribe I-Know-It-All, who never want cooperation, but blind obedience. Let us by all means choose our cooperating crew; but let us never cooperate to fight our fellow beings, as long as we have so much Selfishness, Unkindness and Ignorance to fight! Fighting these vices is right; fighting our brothers is wrong.

WERE YOU BORN | The Sign of Leo — The Symbol of Sacrifice
JULY 23 TO AUG. 22 | — Health — Happiness — Success —

**Practical
Astrology**

The Occult Star

**FINAL
EDITION**

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY HAASAN OSIRIS

CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1925

MY STARS, AND WHAT THEY TELL ME

MY STARS! In our intercourse with foreign Worlds may we always be in the right, but give us each month our Astrology—Always right—never wrong!

LEO; THE SYMBOL OF SACRIFICE

Leo is a fixed, barren, masculine, maternal, fiery sign. It rules the heart, blood and nerves of the Grand Solar Man, and controls property and loss.

This is a close-to-nature sign. Persons born under its influence are great admirers of the earth and earthly products. They love to mingle in the great open spaces, delight in caring for flowers, and have a strong incentive for exploring inaccessible places.

Leo persons are seldom very successful in early life, but after middle-life will score their greatest achievements. They have many enemies, yet this does not seem to affect their progress in any way, for they have keen judgment, strong will-power, sharp perception, and untiring persistence in whatever they undertake.

There is an inner nature about these people that is never revealed to the outside world. They never talk fluently about their money matters, nor their love affairs. There are certain things in their lives that they feel are for no one but themselves. They are nearly always cheerful, and never appear to worry, for they never reveal their sensations from within.

Leo people are good mixers, and can easily adapt themselves to new conditions, even if they are out of the commonplace. While they are sometimes subject to extremes, they will usually have money in their possession, and generally die with more wealth than they expected to have.

Persons born in Leo are rather independent. They have their own scheme of life figured out, and can seldom be convinced to see things in a different light than that which they accept from the beginning. They are inclined toward sentimentality, and in fact their strong love-nature is one of their greatest weaknesses, for they are easily influenced through their emotions and passions.

Natives of this sign are very industrious, and are constructive thinkers, often originating new ideas, hence they would be successful in patent offices, or working out inventions of their own designs.

They would make excellent managers of large enterprises. Women born in this sign are usually successful as heads of departments where careful planning is required, for they had rather plan and outline work than do it themselves.

In the struggle for existence, Leo persons will always look out for themselves and their own first, after which their kindness and generosity extends to all classes of mortals, and will then do a good turn at any hand if it is within their power to do so.

They should form important connections and associations only with persons born in one of the following signs: Gemini, Libra or Aquarius.

The Earth is the ruling planet, the fortunate gems are the ruby and diamond, and the astral colors are red and green.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE EARTH, THE RULING PLANET

The earth, third planet in distance from the Sun, has a soothing influence over anyone having her for a ruler. Those who are born in this sign should live as close as possible to nature, as this will obviate nearly all probability of disease. The earth takes care of her own and those ruled by the earth are much more fortunate than those who have some far distant planet as their ruling star. So far as we know she is the only planet of the universe supporting human life, and this is made possible only by her temperate climate, which is caused only by her ideal location in the Great Solar System.

NEXT MONTH VIRGO, August 23 to September 23.

EXTRA! DAILY GUIDE

For Everybody

DURING AUGUST

:: Apply and Profit Daily! ::

1. Good influences prevail throughout the day. Keep busy.
2. Do not marry. Unfavorable for traveling, or strenuous amusements.
3. Mingled influences rule the day. Be careful in all important deals.
4. A good day for traveling, letter-writing, or dealing with opposites.
5. Push business.
6. Be careful today. Avoid arguments and misunderstandings.
7. Fairly good for all usual duties.
8. Do nothing of importance. Attend usual duties only.
9. Fine for new undertakings and discoveries. Keep out of doors as much as possible.
10. Good for affairs of long standing. Attend hygiene.
11. Excellent for seeking employment or asking favors of superiors.
12. Good for all amusements, especially sports.
13. Make friends only. Do not venture new affairs.
14. Excellent for all endeavors of importance. Travel and correspondence especially.
15. Keep quiet. Do nothing in haste today.
16. Good for all affairs with opposite sex. Correspondence.
17. A very good day. Accomplish as much as possible.
18. Good and bad influences prevail. Be cautious.
19. Good for practically all efforts. Rise early and keep busy.
20. Rush all affairs of importance.
21. Ask favors, buy, sell, speculate, sign contracts.
22. Excellent for dealing with others. Attend to personal and private affairs.
23. Unfavorable for activity. Remain indoors.
24. Good for all kinds of business.
25. Fine for social, business, and personal endeavors.
26. Good for shopping and amusements only. Doubtful.
27. Push all important business deals. Write letters.
28. Doubtful. Avoid misunderstandings.
29. Evil influences in A. M. Push business after 12 Noon.
30. Good aspects prevail. Accomplish as much as possible.
31. An excellent day for all pursuits. Start new business.

EXTRA!**DAILY GUIDE***For Everybody***During September****:: Apply and Profit Daily! ::**

1. Mix with opposites. Generally good.
2. Avoid excitement and accidents. Otherwise good.
3. Doubtful. Beware of exaggeration and quarrels.
4. Moderately favorable for business.
5. Excellent day. Seek employment, travel, push business.
6. A very good day. Fine for visiting or entertaining.
7. Remain quiet. Read, study, plan only.
8. Do not buy. Good for selling. Adverse influences in P. M.
9. Push all important issues.
10. Be extremely careful in motoring. Rather uncertain.
11. Doubtful. Good influences for business in morning. Afternoon recreation only.
12. Start new adventures. Buy property. Sign agreements.
13. Unusually good for lovers. Be active.
14. Avoid melancholy. Attend to usual duties.
15. Avoid accidents. Buy but do not sell.
16. Favorable for all pursuits. Keep busy.
17. Good for usual activities. Seek work.
18. Uncertain day. Beware of misjudgment in deals.
19. Good day for anything. Accomplish as much as possible.
20. Moderately good. Visit.
21. Good only for home affairs. Good for lovers.
22. An excellent day. Rush business.
23. Good for making new friends. Travel. Sign contracts.
24. Good for practically all endeavors. Favors motoring.
25. Doubtful combination of influences. Be quiet.
26. Exceptionally good for lovers and marriage. Keep busy.
27. Avoid opposites. Good otherwise.
28. Beware of disputes. Uncertain.
29. Be careful in all business transactions. Otherwise good.
30. Good for anything, but avoid fatigue. Watch health.

WERE YOU BORN } The Sign of Virgo—The Symbol of Reflection
AUG. 23 to SEPT. 23 } Intuition—Health—Happiness—Success

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MY STARS, AND WHAT THEY TELL ME

Like a star, without haste, yet without rest, let each one revolve round his own task
 —Goethe

YOUR VIRGO HOROSCOPE

Virgo is a maternal, variable, feminine, barren, cold, earthly sign. It rules the bowels and lower abdomen; also rules love and marriage.

Persons born in this sign are exceptionally industrious, and they will go the limit of their talents to realize their ambitions. They have a very keen preception in business, and are inclined to take the leadership in all affairs with which they are concerned.

These people will usually do much traveling, in fact they will be more successful by moving about, and the apex of their success will not be reached until after middle life.

They have many decided likes and dislikes and because of this will be accused many times by their friends as being "old-fashioned." Virgo people are decidedly changeable, and while they do not intend from within to appear inconstant, they often give their friends and associates that impression.

Their one great fault lies in their persistent criticism of the actions of others, and they will thereby make enemies unintentionally, and later wonder why certain friendships have deserted them.

These persons always look for the better things in life, nearly always appear cheerful, but are too easily discouraged. Because of their strong endurance, expert mentality, and wide comprehension, they can make rapid headway in any issue of life, and should learn to depend upon themselves at all times, instead of on the encouragement of others to spur them on.

Virgo people are lovers of music and order and harmony. Any disorder always destroys their appetites and causes them to feel uneasy or miserable. They are very choice in their eating, and discriminating in their home life.

These people are well adapted for accounting, teaching, astrology, managing, directing, printing, journalism, chemistry, acting, or serving on police force.

They should always marry or form associations with persons born in one of the following signs for best and most harmonious results: Cancer, Scorpio, or Pisces.

Vulcan is their ruling planet, the onyx or cornelian the favorite gems, while amber, gold and black are the astral colors.

A FEW FACTS CONCERNING VULCAN THE RULING PLANET

Because of the great distance from the earth, very little is known of the physical features of this planet. It is seldom possible to catch a glimpse of this far-away planet, and in fact it has hardly ever been seen only during a total eclipse of the sun. However, its planetary influence appears to be as strong as many of the closer planets, which gives to those who have it for a ruler fine tastes, and grace of personal appearance, so much so that it causes these persons often to be mistaken for actors, on account of their unique personality.

NEXT MONTH: Libra, Sept. 24th to Oct. 23rd.



DIGEST of the BEST in ADVANCED THOUGHT

MAKING THE ETHER TALK

The late W. John Murray reminds us of Sir Oliver Lodge's statement that the romance of wireless consists chiefly in the fact that we are for the first time consciously using the ether of space as a vehicle for messages. We have long unconsciously used it in conveying our thoughts by gestures with the eye as the ethereal receiving instrument, but our use of it has been limited, as the unconscious use of any force always is. "Nature can carry us just so far and no farther until we learn to co-operate with it scientifically," and scientific co-operation with nature means the *extension*, not the supplanting of the senses.

Can the ether be made to "talk" by other than mechanical means? Is there a substance as much finer than ether as ether is finer than air, by which *thought* may be transmitted? As the human race advances, "true science will be seen to be the hand-maiden of true religion," and men and nations will be "welded together in one union grand and complete."—*The Gleaner*.

THAT FOURTH DIMENSION

Einstein is the latest celebrity to break into the movies—at any rate it appears that a theater in Manchester, England, recently exhibited a picture which attempted to give some of the details of the Einstein theory of relativity.

"Simplicimus" finds considerable difficulty in explaining to his friend who was not only impressed, but whose curiosity was aroused, how *time* can be classified as a dimension.

If time is used as a dimension in connection with space dimensions, then it must bear some relation to those dimensions. It is not sufficient to say that space dimensions are certain definitions for any given thing or event, and that any old time will do for the fourth dimension. And Simplicimus uses a brick to illustrate his point.

The whole affair sets him to thinking. Why all the bother about a fourth dimension to explain things that are unexplainable? Why conclude that we can call time a dimension and extend it, when we cannot alter the relation of spatial dimensions? "And if four dimensions, why not forty? Above all, why treat time as an actuality?"

Simplicimus pauses for a reply. There are indications that a considerable extension of *time* will relate itself to this particular event.—*The Two Worlds*.

WHAT IS EFFICIENCY?

Efficiency, that misunderstood word in every phase of modern life, has been so degradingly misused, it has become so "tattered at the edges, limp with indiscriminate usage, faded and moth-eaten in spots," that we wax wrathful at its mere sound.

The word represents today only a "mere dump heap" standing for ruthless energy, exercise of systematized or over-systematized exercise of ability that wrings out unexpected material results, grinding out the greatest output of grist with the greatest economy of abbreviated motion.

We have overlooked the fact it may mean "development as well as output." Our present civilization which is "hardening the national arteries" bent upon only purely material results, forgets "we are not all included between our hats and our boots."

Elizabeth Weston Timlow masterfully pleads for development of the whole personality. We are the incorporation of a trinity—body, mind and emotional life, the needs of which are analogous. The unnourished mind and emotional life, like the unfed body, die, though the process is slower. Boredom indicates mental hunger. Many take good care of the body member of the "personal firm," but neglect to give the intellectual and emotional life the same variety of food the body needs, thus impairing the energy of middle life, bringing on premature old age. The psychology of genuine efficiency demands that the resources of each member of this "human corporation" be developed and put to work.—*Psychology*.

CONSERVING ONE'S ENERGY

Why should there be so much nervousness in a country where the task of making a living is so much easier than in any other country in the world? Is it something in the atmosphere that impinges itself on our nerves from the outside, or something in our mentality that impinges on our nerves from the inside?

W. John Murray answers these questions by assuring us the fault is in our mental attitude toward our work. If we would use as much intelligence in the care of our nervous systems as we use in our care of material machinery, we would not "accomplish what we accomplish at such tremendous cost."—*The Gleaner*.

OUR DEBT TO THOMAS PAINE

On memorial day, May 30, 1925, ground was broken at New Rochelle, New York, for the memorial to Thomas Paine. Many noted citizens attended. Thomas A. Edison officially broke the soil.

The world will always remember Thomas Paine as the man who challenged the old forms of religion. The broadening of the church today is said to be the result of his writings. But great as the debt we owe him in his pioneer work for freedom of religious thinking, we owe him a debt equally as great for "the amount he contributed to those ideas which formed the base on which our nation was constructed." He is said to have been the first to propose the idea of the actual independence of our country, and to suggest the Federal Union of State. Other ideas in which priority for Paine is claimed are the abolition of slavery, arbitration and international peace, a more just treatment of women, the purchase of Louisiana, international copyright and old age pensions. Credit is also given to him for the invention of the iron bridge and the discovery of the modern central draft burner.—*The Masonic Review*.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS AND SUCCESS

Wireless is the connecting link between "spiritual substance" and matter. It is the main factor in making the world ready for occultism. It is a mechanical method of dealing with an invisible force directly opposite to matter in its fundamental nature. Experiments with wireless have disproved many theories regarding the nature of matter, and the end is not yet.

Dr. Wm. Franklin Kelley finds the truth of being in the center between the two extremes of materialism and the denial of matter. "Everything is real on its own plane of existence. There is no such thing as something existing which does not exist . . . We live in an infinite universe of which we are an inseparable part."—*The Kalpaka*.

The Astral Lover [Continued from page 14]

told her about our sessions with Jerome. She laughed knowingly, and finally told me that there really was no Jerome, that it is a well-known fact of psychology that such phenomena were produced in the mind of the sitter; the product was a sort of dual personality, a breaking-off of a section, as it were, of the medium's mind. I cringed at the word, medium, and the rest of the day I felt insignificant and abnormal and ashamed. I did not enjoy the board that night, and Jerome was dull and peevish. But I would not tell Ned what I had heard. A certain spontaneity of my pleasure in Jerome had been spoiled, but I would not spoil it for Ned.

The other disconcerting circumstance, and the more serious one, was that Ned was slowly but surely withdrawing himself from the festivities, and others sat across from me while the pointer flew incessantly over the board. He rapidly grew moodier and moodier in the presence of our friends, until at last he actually read the newspaper throughout the long sessions, turning each sheet with a vicious jab, until our friends came less and less often, and finally quit altogether.

Again, we were left alone in the evenings. I suggested that we return to cards, but Ned would have none of them. While he had refused to cooperate in the running of the board with our friends present, it seemed now to hold a powerful fascination for him. I decided that he had resented the intimacy of our acquaintances and deplored sharing our evenings with outsiders.

So I settled down happily enough to the amusement of the peculiar little contrivance that had come to mean more to me than cards ever had. I had accepted my friend's explanation, but even so it was a delightful pastime, a more pleasing and amusing method of passing an evening than cards, and a game at which I never held a losing hand. Without my fingers it was as dead and useless as any other article of furniture. With my hands upon it, the thing became alive and vibrant, a laughing, glowing, intelligent entity. I now thoroughly believed this entity to be an offshoot of my own mind, the bodying forth of that which I was, but which I could externalize in no way except through these two pieces of wood. Thus more and more, I came to glory in its exhibitions. It became a source of pride to me, a method by which I could thrust forth the endowments that nothing before this chance occurrence had given me the opportunity to express. Inwardly I often exulted, and said to myself, "Who would have guessed I could be so clever, so learned, so wise?" For there was a steady enhancement in the quality of the productions of the board. It was becoming wise and deep and subtle. Real emotions and real life came through it. It laughed, it sang, it wept, and I laughed and sang and wept with it, while Ned gloomily and grimly sat across its width and said little to it or to me. Still, night after night, he insisted upon its use. Indeed, it grew to be a mania with him. He came to a point in this enthrallment where he would rush home at noon, while always before he had lunched down town. He gulped down his lunch in five minutes, pulled the board from its coverings, and impatiently waited for me to place on the standard the fingers that alone made it live. And I concurred gladly, even joyously.

After one of these sittings, while dallying with it after Ned had rushed away to his office, I discovered that I could operate it alone as well as when in the presence of another. I began going to it during the long, lonely hours of the afternoon. It greeted me as freely and delightedly as it had in the presence of my husband or friends. It breathed forth to me the very embodiment of poetry and passion and wisdom. More and more, it came to stand to me for my own creative genius. I believed it to be the manifestation of my own God-life when it put across to me such lines as,

My love is a river, strong and true—
A river flooding full strength to you;
My love is a geyser that springs from
the blue,
And jets living waters forth to you.

At such times I gave a quick intake of breath and thrilled to the very center of my being. I was experiencing the joy of the poet, the musician, the artist. I had no sense of the presence of another person. I simply became submerged in a greater, apparently finer, more powerful expression of my own personality, and became that much more myself. I was living at a high pitch of life and glowed at the realization of forces undreamed of before. Only my early courtship days with Ned had known as great and overpowering a sense of achievement.

But Ned worried me more and more. He steadily grew morose and irritable. I quizzed him in regard to business, but received no satisfaction. I begged him to go to a physician for an examination, and he turned on me belligerently. This drove me still more frequently to the board, to find comfort and to forget my anxiety, as well as for the exhilaration from its use. I even confided my troubles in regard to Ned to it, and in return it gave back to me tender lines of fragrant lyrics and heavy laborious panegyrics that left me tearful and reminiscent.

Things went from bad to worse. Ned moped and growled and hid behind his paper, or slipped surreptitiously away to call on others in the apartments, whenever he was not insistently sitting across from me, while the board labored to amuse or instruct him, or railed at him because of his moods.

There was bound to be a storm after all this murkiness. The oppressive atmosphere gathered heavier and grew closer as the weeks passed. I felt caught up and smothered in it. I spent all my spare moments at the board now. Often Ned would catch me at it as he came home and would slip in and watch me with a frown on his face, or at times with a look of pain and terror, while the board spelled out the finishing sentences of a communication. It seemed to me that I should go mad if it were not for the comforting assurance of its sympathy and understanding.

Then came Thanksgiving Day—the fourth in our little flat, the fourth of our married life. Ned spent the forenoon in town. That all but broke my heart. Never before on a great national holiday had he left me for a single hour. Always before there had been big preparations, a turkey and all that. This time I had broached the subject. Although we had had it but twice the entire fall, he replied irascibly that he was tired of fowl. In spite of the finest, juiciest steak I could broil, the meal passed somberly

in an intense silence. I was all but in tears. A longing came over me for distraction and comfort. I hastily got through with the dishes, drew the board from its hiding place, and in my most jocund voice, summoned resolutely in spite of my depression, remarked,

"Ned, boy, let's while away an hour at this."

The brewing clouds needed only an added drop to burst with devastating fury.

"To hell with the board! To hell with Jerome! I'm fed up with your transports of love for another man! I'm not the credulous fool you took me for. Your contemptuous, whining solicitude for me fell short of its mark. I've seen through it all the time, you treacherous double dealer, you spiritual wife of a dead paramour!"

I was aghast, uncomprehending. I had never known nor suspected a Ned like this infuriated beast before me.

"Ned, what do you mean?"

"You know damn well what I mean. I mean that you've gone far enough. I've found you out. I've got the goods on you. Why else should I have despoiled my time at this accursed board, if not to confirm my suspicions? Now you can take your damned lover and get out of here!"

For a moment I thought I was going to swoon. Black clouds rose before my vision. My senses reeled. I sought out eagerly into the void for annihilation. My mind was wavering—floating—going—

I was roughly snatched back into reality. The board was torn from my hands. There was a splintering of wood, a hurricane of oaths, and the pieces of wood were hurled into the grate.

For a while I sat dumbly, with a numb body and a paralyzed brain. Then a desire to wipe out the whole affair seized me. At least, I could destroy the visible symbol of my distress of mind, as I longed to eradicate, but could not, the anguish itself. Unsteadily I rose and struck a match to the paper in the grate. It burst forth brightly. There was a disagreeable odor of scorching varnish, a flaring flame, and the harmless-appearing little instrument ceased to be.

But its results lived on vividly and disastrously. I was near to hysterics. I felt insulted, disgraced, maligned, impotent. I wondered dully if I were going back to my parental home, and I recoiled from the thought. With clenched fists, Ned remained glaring into the grate until the last vestige of the board was gone. Then he turned on me again.

"Well, that's the last of your illicit lover around here. I've stood this spectacle of love-making too long already. If you did think I was asleep on the job, I've watched your damnable flirtation grow and ripen, while you simpered and cooed to Jerome's music. A judge accorded a man a divorce on the grounds that his wife had found a spiritual affinity 'across the veil.' At the time, I laughed and pronounced it a fool decision. Now I know it was wise and just. Such things may be horrible, unthinkable realities."

The veins in his forehead were swollen and purple. His eyes were narrowed and hateful. He had worked himself into a vile passion.

[Continued in October Number]

HOW TO PROVE YOUR PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES ASTRAL BODY TRAVEL

By Max Heindel

Courtesy of Rays from Rose Cross

MAN is not only the physical body we see with our eyes, but he has finer vehicles (spirit bodies) made of finer textures, in which he is able to function when the flesh body is asleep. The withdrawal of the spirit with its consciousness (mind) and the finer vehicles induces sleep. In the majority of mankind the spirit clothed in its finer vehicles hovers close by the physical body when it is sleeping.

It usually ruminates upon the affairs of the day but takes little interest in anything going on about it until by certain exercises, by study of psychic laws, and living a life of helpfulness, it gradually awakens to the reality of life outside of the physical body. Then it begins to manifest intelligent life, make small excursions of investigation, or maybe associate itself with groups of kindred spirits. This depends upon the temperament of the person, for our character, our individuality, our thoughts are not altered by the fact of going to sleep. We are exactly *there* what we are *here*.

There are times when a man or woman becomes so interested in the work of this world that, upon going to sleep, the spirit cannot tear itself away from the physical body. It is half in and half out, in touch with the scenes of the invisible world and also ruminating on the activities of the day.

Dreams, a confused state of consciousness, constitute the nocturnal experiences of the majority of people. Living and understanding life, according to natural law, accentuated by proper exercises before retiring, will bring to us the first symptoms of true consciousness during the night time in which our experiences in an invisible world of illusive, chaotic dreams become logical and rational.

When this stage is reached, we no longer visualize ourselves chasing incongruous incidents or performing idiotic experiments, but we find ourselves going about in our ordinary, matter-of-fact way, except that we progressively adapt ourselves to the invisible world. Instead of "taking a car" to our journey's end, we simply by the very thought, rise in the air and glide through space until we reach our destination. Matter, as tangible objects in our everyday life, does not exist. Instead, with our "finer spirit" vibratory bodies, we pass through walls into rooms where we wish to be, and do the work for which we have come. We find that space and distance almost cease to exist.

These things do not indicate that we are having an illusive day dream, but represent the use of the natural law of the invisible world, where we travel with the speed of mind and light, no weight to our invisible bodies, where only our

"will power" determines our place in relation to the earth.

We may walk the streets or glide over housetops. The atoms in all physical substances do not actually touch each other, but, so to speak, "swim in a sea of ether." It is perfectly possible for the free spirit to pass its invisible body through the interstices between the atoms in a cement wall as Christ was said to have done when he "appeared to his disciples" after the door had been locked.

There is considerable testimony to the fact that certain people who are still living in physical bodies during the daytime are engaged in "spiritual" work during the night, and that their experiences carried over to the waking consciousness are not illusory dreams.

Is there any way to prove that one has been in a certain place doing a certain definite work? You must have been somewhere doing something during sleep and then upon waking you are desirous of knowing whether it has been a dream or an actual fact.

Each must obtain personal proof, conviction must come from within, checked up by intelligent observation of specific marks of identification, which you may later identify when you awaken.

"Bearing these facts in mind, suppose that some night you became acquainted with a person outside the body, that in the course of conversation you find that he lives in New York or London, and that you have occasion to visit him there while functioning in your invisible body; also that subsequently you work together in the invisible planes for weeks or months. Let us further suppose that it becomes necessary for you to take a business trip to the city where your friend is located. You tell him of this contemplated move on one of your night excursions, he invites you to be his guest during your stay in that city, and you accept his invitation. On the following day you start for your destination, and on arrival you take a car as directed by him; you get off at the corner you know so well already, walk up to the house, knock at the door, and your friend comes to meet you. He takes you by the hand physically as he has often done ethereally in the invisible world. You commence right away to talk about things you have done outside the body, and you know each other as well as old friends in the physical world would know each other; in other words you continue the relationship in the physical body exactly as it was formed outside in the invisible world."

In this way you may find the proof you desire or knowledge that you were mistaken in believing yourself on a definite spirit mission.

FEAR.

ALL teachers of Psychology are quite agreed that fear has a paralyzing effect on the human brain. They elucidate quite freely on the subject. All their lessons dwell extensively on the cause of fear and the elimination of fear from the consciousness of man.

That fear is the enemy of the human race is quite clearly set forth and is the dominant note in all Advanced Thought literature.

All fears that infest man's conscious domain are insignificant when compared to that ignoble fear which has seared man's brain for all ages of the past and will continue to sear it for ages yet to come unless he can be aroused to the impracticability of the theory set forth concerning the origin of life and its ultimate result. The fear which holds men trembling from the cradle to the grave is damning evidence of the fallacy of all religions or isms that do not teach that life is a product of a natural law through successful manifestations of continued embodiments and that any theory or philosophy which teaches fear is a fallacy and had its inception in the minds of men with evil intent.

This Fear, being the greatest recognized and organized enemy of man, must then be driven out of the domain of man and with its contemporaries, be utterly destroyed.

Man does not fear death; man fears the place of torture as set forth by the creators of Heaven and Hell. Man has never reasoned with himself on this question. He has accepted the ultimatum of a set of men who neither cared or feared. These men fashioned Heaven and Hell and put a fixed price with no reprieve that left man with scarcely any hope of escaping the damnation of their supreme God.

How these men knew these things, has been a question which men in all ages have held locked within themselves. Their fear was so great, they did not dare to voice it.

The story of Adam and Eve, of Noah and the Ark, of Moses leading the children of Israel, of the birth of Jesus and the Book of Revelation with its hidden meanings, are all fear propaganda to sear the minds of men.

Upon these subjects man speaks with bated breath, fearing the judgment of a righteous and revengeful God. It is this that man fears; it is not death.

This demon of all fears holds the world at bay and it seems none dare boldly attack him. All modern isms and modern day scientists beat around the bush and fear to question the authenticity of this monster who has so implanted in the minds of humanity this story of creation and damnation.

[Continued on page 42]

PROPHECY

What We May Expect

Changes in state governments.

The "early fall" will mark greater dissension among political factions.

The churches will break faith with the Government, causing many disturbances.

Many Protestant churches will unite.

The Catholic Church will revolt, causing great alarm at the Vatican. A tremor of agitation on the surface will prove to be a tidal wave of revolutionary significance. To stem the tide and save themselves they will adopt amendments, giving their people more liberty, thus becoming a greater political power than at present. They are now dragging heavily—but will become successful for a time, then internal strife will break them asunder.

Other denominations will follow, and with the passing of time, the religious world will break to pieces on the rocks of indecision. Leaders will fail and laymen will scatter, weary of uncertainty, seeking comfort at the shrine of newer cults.

The United States will be visited by a sandstorm never before witnessed in its history, covering large territories, destroying people, stock and crops.

The sands of the desert are shifting and like the waves of the sea will cause great damage. The desert is the result of an earthquake and lying buried under the desert sand is a civilization of æons ago.

Congress will be hurriedly called together for a special session as the result of a disturbance on the western coast caused by agitators trying to stir up strife between U. S. and Japan. Quick action by our government will avoid serious trouble.

Like lightning out of a blue sky, an overt act, causing in itself, loss of life, will precipitate war between Japan and Korea. Korea, backed by Russia, will gain her independence.

Japan will have civil war as in Russia between three parties, the imperialists, the middle and the lower classes. The imperialists will enlist the lower class against the middle class, but the middle class, augmented by deserting supporters of the lower class, will eventually win control.

The Alchemy of Color

[Continued from page 19]

II.

Life and Its Expressions

That there exists, together with form and color, sound and taste, smell and touch, something acting in and through matter, penetrating and permeating it, moving and changing it, of this we are all aware. Different schools of philosophy give different names to this wonderful agent. Students of different sciences look upon it from different points of view and label it according to their own notions. Some call it *life*; others prefer to name it *mind*, although thinking is only one of its expressions. Physicists look upon life as a quality of matter, existing only in the vegetable, animal and human kingdoms. Chemists look upon the world as nothing but an aggregate of chemical elements, fancying that life and its phenomena are merely chemical reactions. Naturalists of the Haeckel school proclaim that life is one of the qualities of matter and that thoughts are material exudations of the brain, in the same way that bile is a material product of the liver.

Those philosophical and scientific guesses are interesting, but unsatisfactory; none of them solves the riddle of the Sphinx, the mystery of existence. These guesses are like babblings in different tongues of children, all trying to describe in their own way their impressions of what their senses put before them, each perceiving only a few of the endless variations of phenomena and judging from the impacts received, as if there were no other things whatever to take into consideration.

A description of an impression is never identical with the thing that makes the impression. Let the materialists with evident self-satisfaction proclaim unstable, ever-changing matter the only changeless and permanent thing in existence, with the phenomena of eternal life as its shifting and variable attributes. Such an Irish bull is sufficiently ludicrous to make us forget the stolid seriousness and the lacking sense of humor in those who make such a profession of faith. With such evident self-contradictions, materialism has judged and condemned itself. Against its own intentions it has made its declaration of insolvency and put on record the incorrectness and inefficiency of its fundamental tenets.

The occultists have no cut and dried formulas to offer for the description of what life is. They look upon life with profound veneration as the great mysterious reality behind all the phenomena everywhere and at every time. They see in life the permanent thing behind all the changing manifestations, the essence that acts in and through all physical, etheric, astral and mental forms on all the planes of existence. They do not call it *mind*, because that would limit it to the double mental plane, whereas it is a well known fact, that of the vital phenomena only a few are purely mental, and those in the world of forms, apparent only in the human kingdom and sporadically among some higher animals. *The One Life*, as occultists call it, *The Spirit*, as religionists have named it, is active not only in and through the mind, but above it, in the intuition, and below it, in the instinct. It is active in what is called vital force, and also in that potential vitality which has never been given a name, because it can only be observed when it becomes actual.

III.

Omnipresent, Omnipotent Spirit

The source of life and the root of matter, creating, preserving and remodeling on all the planes of existence, cannot be denied nor reasoned away, neither can it be fully described and fully defined by merely giving it a name. In different languages different words are used for it, language being the code made up for oral and scriptural transmission of sounds, words and ideas for communication between individuals and nations.

In the different religions the source of life and the root of matter, the Eternal behind the temporal, the Changeless behind the ever-changing, the Potential behind the actual, is generally given a name corresponding to the word *Spirit* in our language. And it is often defined as having characteristics entirely opposite to those of matter.

"If God did not exist, we would have to invent him," Voltaire is quoted as having said. If we did not perceive the spiritual within and without us, logic would force us to accept the existence of something having those qualities that we describe as belonging to Spirit.

On the Form side of existence we find that everything is divided up into separate forms, hence being

limited in space. The opposite to this is, on the Life side of existence, the Undivided, the Non-separated, the Unlimited in space; and we call this Spirit. On the Form side of existence we find also another division, a separation into seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years, centuries and millenniums—a limitation in time. The opposite to this on the Life side of existence is the Undivided and Unlimited Everlastingness, the Eternity. This is another characteristic of what we call Spirit.

Spirit, measured by space or by time or by both, is Omnipresent, because its opposite, everything else, is not everywhere and eternal. Spirit is Omnipotent, because it is the Omnipresent Potential, acting wherever there is any activity through passive vehicles of different forms of matter. Spirit is Omniscient, because it contains all knowledge, both potential and actual, and all the wisdom that ever was, is, or will be.

Only by observing life in its different manifestations and mind in its attempt at building a bridge of thought forms over the yawning gulf between the formless world and the world of forms, can we gradually get some faint idea of what Spirit is. By using negatives we can eliminate those qualities of matter that Spirit does not possess, and that which remains after the elimination, i. e., the qualities opposite to those negated, belong logically to that which remains, the Spirit.

Spirit cannot be observed directly through our senses, but indirectly by its effects on all the planes of existence. Whenever we are thrilled mightily by the electric currents of intense life, whenever we are stirred into vivid and lofty thinking, whenever our love reaches out to gladden, to help and to protect, whenever our activity is aroused and eagerly takes up harmonious cooperation—in all these cases we are aware of the existence of Spirit. In such a way Spirit reveals itself to our consciousness, and we obtain a glimpse of the Eternal within and around us.

The occultists bid us think of the ever-present eternal Spirit in the world of fleeting, ever-changing forms. They bid us have faith in what our higher experience, our aspirations and our logic demonstrate to us. They give this advice to their pupils:

"Remember the ancient Babylonian poem, describing the descent of the goddess Ishtar into the realm of Eresh-kigal. At each of the seven gates which she had to pass, she had to take off a garment, before she was allowed to enter. Free from all her coverings, she entered the innermost regions. The occultist must do the same thing, if he wants to enter into union with his own Higher Self. He must say, and saying it, he must feel that he tells the truth: 'This objective body is not myself; it is but the vehicle through which I act on the physical plane. This etheric body is not myself; it is only my vehicle on the etheric subplanes of the physical, the bridge between my objective and my emotional body. Neither am I that emotional body of mine; that is only my vehicle on the plane of desires and emotions. I am not my mental body; I am using that on the lower mental plane for the formation and sending out of thought forms. I am not my causal body; that is my vehicle on the higher mental plane for researches in the world of causes, for observing my dharmic ideal and for carrying out the plan given to me by the Logos as the reason for my separate existence. I am not my buddhic vehicle; I am using that, whenever I can, for the pouring down of the blessings of Spirit (Atma), for sending the Wisdom-Love radiation of the Monad, which is myself, down into the lower vehicles as intuition. Neither am I my Auric Egg; I am using that wonderful vehicle as my first rung of the Ladder of Existence, on which I descend into matter, and my last rung, on which I ascend again into what I am, Spirit. I am my Way, my Truth and my Life. I do not identify myself with any of my vehicles. I am I.'"

Concentration, Meditation and Contemplation on the Eternal, on our own spiritual essence, enables us to ascend from darkness into light, from strange and dismal regions into our own glorious home, and to regain our own precious inheritance, our own Self.

The knowledge of Self makes actual to us that which was potential before; it gives us a realization of what none of our vehicles can have as such, namely *life eternal*. Our faith in our own eternity gives to us the divine power of helping, as far as our ever-widening circle of activity reaches. Our consciousness of living in this eternity makes us powers for good in our activities on all the different planes of existence.

PROPHECY

A PLAY

To Be Staged by Anti-Evolutionists upon the

Weaknesses of the People

Time: Today, 1925 A. D.

Place: U. S. A.

AX I.

William Jennings Bryan, leader of the anti-evolutionists, going from state to state, subtly invoking the sympathy and support of the old-fashioned religiously-inclined legislators.

AX II.

William Jennings Bryan, resurrecting old laws placed on the states' statute books by the lawmakers (in contemplation of revolt) in the early history of our Nation.

AX III.

William Jennings Bryan, like a demagogue, proclaiming to the people in thunderous tones that this is a critical hour for the salvation of our Constitution—playing upon the ignorance of superstition and posing as a "PAUL REVERE" to arouse the people AGAINST the Evolutionists who are fighting TO PRESERVE the Constitution of the United States, with its guaranty of free thought, free speech, free press and freedom of (or from) religious beliefs.

AX IV.

The Bryan Point of Attack

William Jennings Bryan, taking the American dollar, with its engraved words:

"IN GOD WE TRUST."

The Bryan Platform

William Jennings Bryan, asking the people:

"IN WHAT SHALL THE COUNTRY TRUST IF THE BIBLE IS NOT UPHELD?"

The Bryan Slogan

William Jennings Bryan, proclaiming as his slogan:

SAVE THE BIBLE and SAVE THE NATION. Playing with artful cupidity upon the credulity of human nature, infesting the schools with his doctrines, playing havoc with the children's minds.

Follow "ME und Gott!"

William Jennings Bryan, commanding a large per cent of our free and independent states who will follow him.

AX V.

The Last Act!

William Jennings Bryan's name going down in history as a 'sower of tares' (Matthew 13:25).

"WHILE MEN SLEPT THE ENEMY CAME AND SOWED TARES AMONG THE WHEAT."

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Can a Woman Sin?

[Continued from page 11]

Man's law which gives children born in wedlock the right of inheritance and takes it from those who are brought into the world without the marriage vow is an unjust law and the nation that recognizes this law is a breaker of Nature's law, a defiler of motherhood and a destroyer of its sons. The sin is that of the nation in placing upon the creator of its people, the mother of the race, the scarlet robe of infamy. *It is the right of every child to claim its inheritance of Nature's gifts, the right to be free born, unsullied, unhampered by laws enacted and enforced by man.*

Can a woman sin? Is it within her province to sin? Does the soil bring forth a harvest unsought, untilled?

God said to man when he created them male and female, "Be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth." (Genesis 1:28.)

Is motherhood a sin? Is woman defiled when she brings forth a child? Has she sinned? Is the child a shame unto its mother, a bastard of its father, a blot on the nation? Or has the law that gives one woman the right to her supreme expression, taking the right from another, been a curse to the human race?

Are You a Suggestible Somnambule?

[Continued from page 15]

dence show that they in reality had no connection with it and may have been in a distant state.

The suggestible somnambule is the type of person that led psychologists astray for a hundred years in the field of hypnotism. He acquiesced to all suggestions given by the operator and would admit that he was "asleep" or unconscious or that he saw weird phenomena—all statements being without foundation. The stage performances of hypnotic phenomena are dependent upon the somnambule and his ready acquiescence to suggestion. With this knowledge, science stripped hypnotism of its weirdness and mysterious phenomena.

The somnambule simply follows the line of least resistance and does not call into play conflicting ideas and emotions unless he sees that he may seriously harm himself. Thus the hypnotist proceeds to "make a monkey" of his subject, just as somnambules made monkeys of scientists for a century. Today we know that hypnotism is simply a condition of having focused the attention upon a single complex and at the same time inhibiting contradictory ideas and emotions.

Much of Emile Coue's success in public clinics was due to his well-developed ability to select suggestible somnambules as his subjects. The Frenchman would not admit that he made any distinction and, in the conference that I had with him, he said that he did not recognize the somnambule. This decided me that he was doing it unconsciously, just as a salesman selects prospects when he wants to take it easy.

In my book "The Uncommon Sense of Applied Psychology" I have given the jolly little Frenchman credit for many things, but I am not willing to take the attitude of the suggestible somnambule portion of the public and to give him credit where none is due. The suggestible individual is many times cured by simple suggestion, but it is just as easy to cause him to relapse with an equal amount of contradictory suggestion.

Patent medicine firms, quack doctors, schools for stammerers and drug "cures" have no difficulty in getting a sufficient number of testimonials from somnambules to protect them from legislation and charges of fraud. The somnambule will sign almost any kind of a round robin, resolution or petition.

He may sign a contract today and cancel it tomorrow, agree to do a thing and promptly do the opposite. He may fol-

low off a reform movement today and tomorrow become active in crime.

Any individual or group may get at least a few followers, no matter how wild or fanatical the program may be, by appealing to the somnambules. But it is another thing to hold these followers permanently. The somnambule may anoint the feet of his hero today and crucify him tomorrow. He is the factor that keeps the politician awake nights trying to figure out which way he will jump next.

The possession of a college degree is no indication of a lack of somnambulist tendencies, although many of these people lack the stability to complete a college education. Parental influence may send them on through, but unless they have established habits of analysis in the meantime, their education is simply knowledge they fail to use most of the time.

The experienced physician dreads attending the somnambule. These people are too frequently the victims of hysteria, hypochondria and nervous instability. Their symptoms vary with minor conditions and their explanation and description of them are not to be depended upon in seeking the cause of the disease.

While every one is amenable to suggestion in some degree, those who reason out causes and effects, analyzing carefully and substituting opinions for impressions before acting, most of the time tend to achieve the more satisfactory results.

As children we are controlled largely by our emotions. When a feeling dominates us we unconsciously act in harmony with that emotion. When we learn to reason carefully we know that we can not afford to act always as the feeling would have us. So we substitute a different emotion and are then able to act in a different way.

The time is near at hand when tests for the degree of suggestibility will be devised to determine the individual's fitness for certain activities. The lower grade somnambule will be refused a license to drive an automobile, to operate dangerous machinery or to handle explosives. He will not be permitted to accept responsible political appointments or to fill positions that might bring danger to others. And then the methods of re-educating him will be evolved so that he may become a responsible factor in society.

LOVE DIVORCE BUSINESS MARRIAGE

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return mail should enclose \$2.00 for this service. Be brief and write plainly. Self addressed stamped envelope should always be inclosed. Address all inquiries to Question and Answer Editor, The Occult Digest, 1904 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill., giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will in no case be answered.

JHJ,NY—Shall I give up my profession and return to the practice of law?

A—You will be more successful as a lawyer than as a practitioner.

TSD,M,NY—Will I marry and be happy?

A—The girl you love, loves you. Wed her, and you will both be happy and prosperous.

WSV,Tenn—Will the work I am engaged in at present succeed on a large scale?

A—Yes. Your benefit will come thru advancement and monetary results. You will not win the prize.

MissCJC,III—Will the business venture I am contemplating be a successful one and if not what occupation am I best fitted for?

A—The business venture will prove a success; you are well adapted to the work you are now engaged in.

Illinois205—How can I best earn a living?

A—You are adapted to housework as you are a home person. What you have in mind will not turn out favorable to you.

HWA,WashDC—How long will I keep this prosperity?

A—You will always be prosperous, but you will change your location in the near future giving you a better opportunity.

LEW,III—Will my unmarried sister marry?

A—Your sister will not marry.

WEL,Vt—Will my business career be successful?

A—Your business career will be successful beyond your expectations.

LWE,Calif—Will my married sister continue to live her present unhappy life?

A—Your sister will continue to be unhappy as long as she broods over the thing for which she is not to blame and is not the cause of, and could not help.

EWL,Que—Will I marry the girl I am engaged to?

A—Your engagement will never be consummated; strange winds drive you apart. Neither she nor you can prevent it; you will marry later in life and be very contented.

Mae A. A., Ill—Will I succeed in selling my stories and scenarios?

A—Not at this time; your stories lack enthusiasm; make them talk; you can do it. A. M. is most desirable one.

R. B., Bolivia—What business will I be most successful in?

A—In buying and selling produce. You are adapted to any occupation relating to the soil.

GL,III—Will my contemplated 'trip' be successful?

A—Your 'trip' will be a source of annoyance to you; you will not be successful, and you will be very much grieved over results.

MZC,III—Does Frank love me?

A—Frank loves you better than you love him—you drift apart.

JC,III—How much longer will I remain in my present position?

A—You have set your own time and you will not be disappointed.

W,III—Am I to go on a vacation, will it be soon?

A—Your vacation will be postponed; you will go late in August.

FWL,III—Would a change in employment be to my advantage?

A—Any business change at present time would be greatly to your disadvantage.

MCJC,III—When will I marry, and will it be happy and successful?

A—You will not marry soon; the man you eventually marry will be well-to-do but not rich. You will be happy. You will not be successful in your present plans.

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A Retrospect, A. D. 3075

By Karl Sealot

Courtesy Rays from Rose Cross

THE WRITER recently chanced upon a history written in the closing years of the twentieth century, of deep interest to the student of our time. Especially striking was the account of the disintegration of a governmental system then in vogue, which had been calculated by the people of those days to be perpetual and to include all political possibilities.

War, now unknown to us, seemed to be the determining factor in the matter of existence. Individually persons were forbidden under severe penalty to kill one another, yet *en masse* great numbers of the weaker peoples were killed by the stronger in a most horrible manner.

These masses of people were called nations. The strong ones held their positions by sheer force until superseded by those still stronger. The nations were ruled by persons invested with the title of king, emperor, kaiser, czar, or president. These were limited in their powers by a public document called a charter or constitution, and by representative legislative bodies elected by the people or by certain classes of them. Appointed or elected courts determined the legality of the various legislative enactments, and a police body, military and naval, enforced these enactments.

These were supplemented by international diplomatic courts, highly specialized in evasion and in the art of saying things that really meant something else. These courts preserved the peace between the nations or precipitated them into war, wherein many persons were made exceedingly rich and others were made poor, losing their all.

The fateful year of 1914 witnessed the beginning of the end of this individual national existence, which had been hanging in the balance for some time. It could not have been otherwise, for on the dial of Destiny's astronomical clock two forces were coming into astrological relationship whereby man was weakened in his reasoning faculties and the Martian fires of hatred and selfishness were burned into his soul.

The pure, scientific astrology of our day was then mixed with grossest error and superstition; men of science with few exceptions had not given it any consideration relative to its possibilities for human betterment, and consequently they were unable to avoid the crisis. Those who had studied this science and were in contact and harmony with Higher Thought and who had sounded a warning were classed as mental defectives.

Many efforts had been made by humanitarians, as they were called, to establish and assure a "World Peace" whereby wars could no longer be waged. A magnificent structure was erected in a city in Holland and named the "Hague Peace Palace," in which met the representatives of all nations to consider this great project. Codes were made, treaties ratified, and a balance of power established. Against these the heavens seemed to echo their mockery, for all was as tinder. A smouldering fire of inner hatred developed into a great conflagration, destroying the thin veneer of artificial civilization and leaving the entire world pauperized and stagnated in debt. Commerce and trade were paralyzed by

varying standards of money and by strikes, boycotts, lockouts, and bickerings.

This, however, was followed by a long reconstruction period. Men took inventory of facts and fallacies and tabulated the errors of thought and act that had brought on the catastrophe. Gradually a new society took the place of the old. New ideas were evolved, and the first world empire *not founded on force* but born of reason, heaven-inspired with love, justice, and equity for all men of every race and creed, sprang from the wreck to blossom as the rose and to flourish as the palm tree. Human sacrifice had fertilized the soil with blood, human tears had watered it, the out-poured prayers of broken human hearts had seeded it, and the benediction of a loving God gave growth and strength to the empire which was reared upon it.

On the solid foundation of the principles of this world empire rests the great structure of beneficent government which we, the descendants of that long past generation, are now enjoying, and which gives promise to last until the end of time.

Preamble

In the appendix of that book of history the writer found recorded the Constitution of that World Empire, from which the preamble and some important parts are here quoted.

"We, the common humanity of the world of every race and creed, in order to establish justice and equity, insure tranquility on earth, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of the World.

"The United States of the World shall be composed of all nations who shall subscribe through their respective legislative bodies and chief executives to this Constitution.

"All legislative powers shall be vested in a World Congress, which shall consist of a Senate and a House of Representatives.

"The Senate shall be composed of one senator from each of the several nations, appointed by the chief executive of the nation whom he represents, and he shall remain in office for a term of five years.

"The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every five years by the people of the several nations, in the ratio of one representative to each 10,000,000 population or fraction thereof.

"The Congress of the United States of the World shall assemble at least once every year.

"Every bill to become a law shall originate in and be passed by the House of Representatives, after which it must be passed by a majority vote of the Senate and be signed by the President of the United States of the World.

"Congress shall have the power to make and enforce all international law, but shall have no power to interfere in the internal affairs of any individual nation.

"Congress shall have exclusive jurisdiction over and control of all the land and naval forces of the world and make

[Continued on page 42]

NUMEROLOGY

YOUR NAME WILL TELL

The Science of Name and Number Shows
You The Right Course to SUCCESS

Edited by IRMA SEARS

Editors' Note: This column is conducted for the benefit of our readers but neither publishers nor editors assume responsibility for reliability of answers, for incorrect data is often furnished by the sender even when there is every reason to believe it correct. Send one question with full birth-given name, as you sign it now, year, month, day of birth. Numerology does not predict the future. Address "Numerologist" The Occult Digest, 1904 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

DA-Ia.—Have I any special talent?

A—You will excel as an executive of a large establishment, when you learn to have faith in yourself, as well as confidence. For a profession, choose hair-dressing.

AGW-Ia.—Is there any change in sight for me any time soon?

A—During the remainder of this year, a few changes will occur which will affect you mildly. During the early part of 1926 you will find yourself surrounded by new responsibilities in which a great deal of careful endeavor is necessary.

A complete analysis of your name would no doubt give you definite explanation of your feelings, in which case it would be necessary to send your complete name, as given at birth.

AB-Colo.—What will I do in the way of work?

A—You are destined to work in a humanitarian endeavor, and will succeed if placed in a Children's Day Nursery, as matron, as a spiritual uplifter, or companion. Should you desire more details, please arrange for written scope.

MA-Ia.—What am I best adapted for, and is there any change for me in the near future?

A—No decided change will affect you during 1925. Your life is more or less full of changes in that your plans go to pieces before they materialize. Work silently on your plans, see that they are built on sound principles, and you will overcome this.

Send me your complete name, as given at birth, and I will answer your other question.

HWA-Wash, DC.—What is my best vocation?

A—You are born with a natural tendency toward success, and can do many things which bring success for you. Dealing with the public, handling capacity, as superintendent or foreman, are your special features.

JSH-III.—Am I qualified to become a successful executive?

A—Yes, indeed, the letter "J" of your first name gives you exceptional executive ability, but your weakness is your lack of confidence in yourself. Be more positive, just know that you are backed by a strong vibration, and you will have, and win more confidence.

ASTROLOGY

Your Questions Answered
By the Stars

Edited by Our Astrologer,
HAASAN OSIRIS

EDITORS' NOTE: This column is conducted for benefit of our readers as far as time and space permit but neither publishers nor editors assume responsibility for accuracy of answers. To receive definite answers to your problems you must send the minute (if possible) hour, date, city and state of your birth. Inquiries without this information, or of no material benefit shall be treated as anonymous. Address Astrologist, The Occult Digest, 1904 N. Clark St., Chicago, U. S. A.

LFD, Ia—What business am I best fitted for?

A—Telegraph operating, switchboard repairing, electrician or steam engineering.

MAS, La—What is my greatest fault?

A—Indecision. You are too flighty. Learn to collect your mind and concentrate. You are always in doubt caused by your disinclination to use your judgment.

AK, Ill—Is the friend whose birthdate I am sending trustworthy?

A—Your friend is a clever, straightforward person well deserving to place in position you mention.

CEM, Vt—What is my most fortunate date?

A—May 12 and September 6 are exceptionally favorable for you.

HP, Miss—Should I take the trip I am telling you about?

A—Voyages for you are unlucky and I advise you to limit your journeys to overland transportations. Should you take this trip some disaster is liable to take place, and I suggest strongly against it.

CZ, Me—What type am I best fitted to marry?

A—Libra.

ED, Ny—What kind of a business partner is astrologically best for me in business?

A—As a Virgo type Cancer, Scorpio or Pisces most beneficially harmonious.

BDF, Mich—What is the birthstone and color of a Pisces character?

A—The moonstone is your birthstone and blue your astral color.

MMK, Ariz—My friend, born May 25, desires to know in general, for what line of work he may be best adapted.

A—Management of large enterprises, where mental ability is required. As a writer or realty man he should win exceptional success.

Psycho-Analysis

[Continued from page 18]

feres with the natural functioning of an organ interferes with health. We know that many of our ideas impede healthy functioning because of the bodily states accompanying such ideas.

It is just this type of idea that we probe for in regular psychoanalytic procedure. In the case cited, the feeling of inferiority produced a bodily state of inactivity, slowing down all the functions. A distinct and recognizable bodily state is evidenced in every case of exaggerated emotion. Tracing these ideas to their source reveals the fact that they rest on a foundation of false training, a mass of past experiences that give the individual a false conception of himself and the world at large.

From the standpoint of health and efficiency it would be better for man to think of himself as an organism striving to adjust itself to the environment than to view himself as a thinking being, dragging along an unwilling body. Psycho-analysis teaches us that the overvaluation of thought deprives us of the powerful possibilities afforded us by nature through our physical processes.

Mahatma Gandhi

[Continued from page 20]

lives as one of them. Emancipated from his imprisonment by his long sickness, he addresses great crowds, sitting cross-legged on a small table, dressed in but a loin cloth. Except for his most expressive eyes and radiant spirituality, there is nothing to distinguish him from any one of the hordes of India's mendicants.

Western civilization is having equally as great influence upon the East, as the great thoughts of the East have upon the philosophy and psychology of the West. Even the *Pansha Lama* (second only to the *Delai Lama*, the ecclesiastical head of Buddhism), has shown his interest in the results and findings of the West. Who dare be so bold as to prophesy what the result of the awakening of these millions will be? Fabulous riches are held by provincial princes, which (according to certain tales) will be used in behalf of the East, when the time comes. When the time does come, as come it will, and soon—the Western world will be due for many discomforting surprises—discoveries which will change the course of civilization!

LIVE EVERY DAY

Man still dies young, and this explains his fear of death and his pathetic desire to believe in a future life. The victim of Herodian slaughter, he feels life is incomplete. If only he had explored old age to the full, his lust for life would be replaced by contentment in death.

Man's future on this earth is the real, only and gloriously sufficient fulfillment of his hopes. The great things which we once dreamt of in another world we must now strive to attain here, and after draining all the draughts of bitter and sweet that Nature has brewed for us, we shall sink back satisfied into the arms of the all-mother whence we sprang.—G. Stanley Hall, famous psychologist.

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loss of appetite, greediness, coated tongue, heartburn, pain in stomach, back and limbs, obstruction in the throat, frequent spitting, bad taste, bloating, crawling sensation in stomach, bowels and throat, indigestion, dizziness, headache, faint with empty stomach, emaciated, dark rings under eyes, anemia, yellow skin, loss of weight, no ambition, no desire to live or work, epileptic fits. Imagine feeding an ever-hungry parasite which may grow to 50 feet. A tapeworm crawling into windpipe may suffocate its host. You cannot pay too much to get rid of this monster. Laxtan for tapeworm costs only \$4.00, but it does the work, it is harmless. Sold only by the LAXAL CO., Pittsburgh, Pa., Box 963-0-D

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The Best

MAMMONART, an Essay on Economic Interpretation, by Upton Sinclair. Pasadena, Calif. The Author. Paper Cover, \$1.00.

The name of this book indicates what its author thinks of the origin of art, including poetry and novels. He asks, "Who made the 'classics' and why?" He makes it plain that rich people encourage those artists and writers who serve them, and that the bourgeoisie puts the stamp of classicism on works of art and of literature. He asks further: "Has genius served humanity? Has it given us art? Or propaganda? And whose propaganda?" This book tells the story—a story everybody should read and meditate upon. The result of such reading and meditation will give the reader what Goethe asked for on his deathbed—"more light."

Mr. Sinclair calls himself a Socialist, and in the wider sense of the term he undoubtedly is one. He is fully aware of the tendency of the worshipers of Mammon to encourage the art that in a certain sense points backward, and the literature that is conservative and carries on conservative propaganda. Yet I prefer to designate him an individualist who is aware of the effect of socialism on art and literature. To me, Mr. Sinclair appears much more like my old teacher, George Brandes and my friend August Strindberg, than the dogmatizing theorist Karl Marx and the upbuilder of Bolshevik Czarism, Nicolai Lenin. Upton Sinclair is too much of a lover of liberty to remain bound in the fetters of any kind of theory or to obey any kind of party discipline.—J. B.

WORDS OF WISDOM FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS. Based on Christian Science, the Gospel of Health, Revealing Life Secrets. By C. DeVos, Coopersville, Michigan. The Author. Paper, \$1.00.

An exquisite little pamphlet, the paper selected, the print really *de luxe*. As to the admonitions given, the expectant mothers are told what a great thing it is to bring forth healthy and happy children. The author also presents his theory of "the most high God" (the

brain), "the catalyst or Savior of Man" (the pituitary body) and "the temple of God" (the human body). Altogether, it is a dainty little book, written in a plain and pleasant style, and even for that reason it ought to appeal to expectant mothers. Even expectant grandfathers and grandmothers ought to like it.—J. B.

REVELATIONS AND REPUDIATIONS OF GREAT MINDS DISCARNATE, transcribed by Frances Hood. La Crosse, Wis.: Compendium Co. \$2.75.

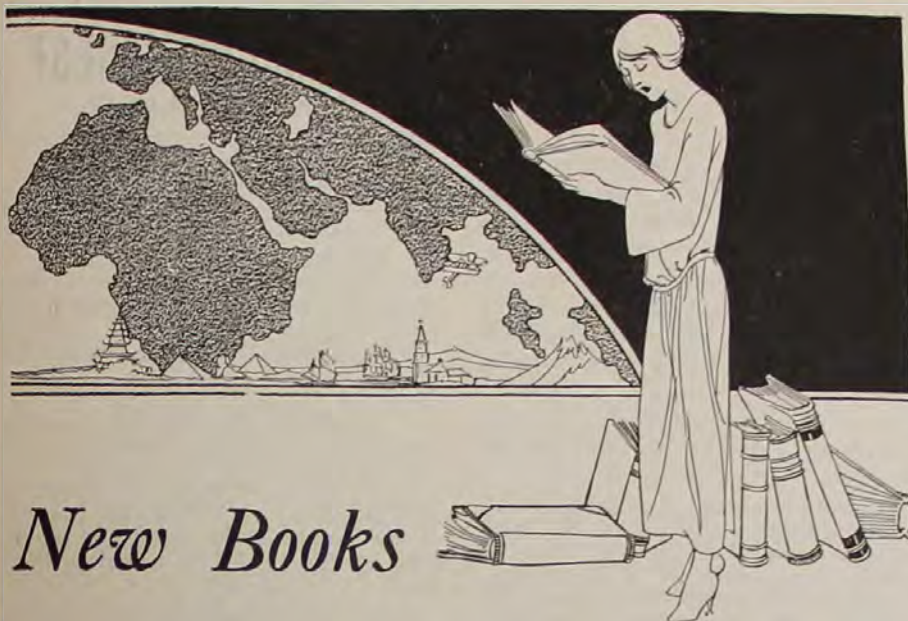
In this book we are told through a medium a good deal about the life on the other side of "the Great Divide." The preface tells us: "All contained in the book (not otherwise designated) emanated from the Control, appointed by the Immortals to reveal great truths for them." In different chapters we find messages purporting to come from Wm. Shakespeare, Confucius, Savonarola, Lincoln, Seneca, Abraham, David and others. It is very interesting to read what they have to say; but as we were not personally acquainted with a single one of them, we do not see how we can identify them. Biblical mysteries are "explained by disfranchised beings," and chapterized discourses on "The Mind of Humanity" offer interesting sidelights of individual experiences together with conversations unveiling the "rational pleasures" of the afterlife. Theories of creation, the way Adam fell, the world catastrophe and discourses on the law of Nature are intended to effect a religious conciliation with psychic truths as a new interpretation of the mystery of life.

What's the sense in all this gossip about being good? Just head the Bible story in "Judges" 20th Chapter. We are angels these days instead of all that is said to the contrary.

* * *

When does that "grand and glorious feeling" come?

When we awaken to consciousness, and get up in the world.



New Books

SCIENCE OF COLORS AND RHYTHM, by E. J. Stevens, M. Sc., Ph. D., San Francisco, Calif. The Author. Paper, \$2.00.

Dr. Stevens is the author of six different books, having for their subject a new kind of therapy. Dr. Edward D. Babbitt was the first man in this country to preach the doctrine of Chromotherapy and to demonstrate its scientific truth. It remained for Dr. Ernest J. Stevens, Dr. George Starr White, Dr. Bowers and Dr. Abrams to demonstrate its practical value.

In this book Dr. Stevens gives us an outline of Chromotherapy, to whet our appetite. In his other books, I understand, he gives in detail that of which we here get a wonderful glimpse. He gives us enough to make it plain that the visible world is made up of differently colored vibrations; in fact, that it is nothing but color and form. That is what even our materialistic scientists tell us nowadays. They say that matter is made up of electrons, and of nothing else. To cure by color is to use color vibrations. Dr. Stevens and his friends are prepared to do this, using different apparatuses that they have for sale.—J. B.

THE GREATER REVELATION. Messages from the unseen world received through automatic writing in various languages, by Baroness Katherine Evans von Klenner. New York: Siebel Pub. Corp. \$2.50.

This book, an artistic work of typography, contains, as the prospectus tells us, automatic messages received from poets, artists, musicians, actors, philosophers, preachers, and other great men and women, who in past generations or in our own time have risen to the greatest heights of human power in thought and eloquence. That is indeed very interesting and should, to quote the prospectus again, "give this volume its surpassing interest as a revelation of the contacts which are maintained between the Great Beyond and those now living in this world."

Automatic writing, in which, through the hand of a psychic some discarnate man or woman expresses thoughts and feelings, are not uncommon nowadays. That the writing in most cases resembles that of the person who holds the pen is quite natural; but in the present book attempts

are made to imitate the writing of the one who is supposed to write through the hand of the Baroness. How far this has been successful we leave to others to judge. In some cases, where we have seen the writings, or photographed copies of such, the similarity is not very striking. Yet that is less important than what is written. And what that is our readers can best find out by buying a copy of the book.—J. B.

HEALTH, NATURE'S PRECIOUS GIFT, and GOITRE, BEWARE OF THE KNIFE, by J. D. Levine, D. C., D. O., D. P., Chicago.

These two pamphlets are called "The Levine Monographs" and give good advice, pointing out, among many other things, the value of iodine, the lack of which produces goitre.—J. B.

AFTER DEATH—WHAT? The Historical, Economic and Sanitary Aspects of Cremation. By John C. Custer, Bridgeport, Conn.: Cooperative Pub. Co. Paper, 25c.

A good history of cremation in ancient and modern times showing cremation being more sanitary and more economic than present-style burial. The author does not discuss any after death state for the deceased. He leaves that to others.—J. B.

COMPOSITION OF WELL BEING. A Presentation of Mind. Its Substance, Functioning and Development. By Adam Abet, Bridgeport, Conn.: Cooperative Pub. Co. Paper, 25c.

A well-written lecture giving sound advice how to become and remain healthy and happy as a useful member of society, the author illustrating his words by ingenious diagrams, which indicate his logical and scientific mind. It has a message for all of us.—J. B.

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Pregnancy is "the beginning" of the immaculate conception of "the heaven and the earth" (the head and the body) in the mother's womb, resulting in two hundred and eighty six days of formation of the child and its birth, followed by a day of recuperative rest for the mother. Six means sex in the first chapter of Genesis.—C. DeVos.

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Address

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Fear [Continued from page 33]

Lift this curtain of fear and you will find that the great thing you have worshiped and feared alike, is a myth.

Probe this question of life after death to the core as you do the question of life after birth. Lift the curtain that so fascinates you and yet fills you with such untold fear and you will find that law is the supreme ruler of the universe.

Law is no respecter of persons. If you do not break the law it will not break you. By your own acts are you revenged and rewarded.

Cast out this king of fear and the kingdoms of Heaven and Hell will be banished forever.

Do not compromise. Demand the proof of the existence of this Devil who rules Hell and this God who rules Heaven. Don't be a guesser or a probationer; stand on your premises and demand the balance sheet that you may be the judge on this question; know whether you stand on solid ground or sinking sand; don't play the game without knowing the stakes.

A Retrospect, A.D. 3075

[Continued from page 36]

rules for their regulation. This shall not affect internal national policing other than to prohibit unnecessary numbers of men for this purpose.

"Congress shall have power to assess and levy the costs and expenses of its governmental functioning to the individual nations comprising the Union in proportion to the population of each individual nation.

"The executive power of the United States of the World shall be vested in a President. He shall hold his office for a term of ten years, and together with the Vice-President chosen for the same term, shall be elected by the two houses of Congress in joint session.

"The Judiciary shall be vested in a Supreme Court consisting of ten judges elected by Congress from among its own members."

An interesting account in this remarkable history records the working out of this new scheme of government. The armies of the various nations were reduced to the minimum required for internal policing, while their navies were turned over to the Central Government in toto. Many of their vessels were fitted out as cargo and passenger carriers, and in this manner they provided revenue for the operating expenses of the government.

Commercial boycotts were declared against all recalcitrant nations. They could therefore neither buy nor sell, their ships could not enter any of the ports of the U. S. W., nor would any U. S. W. ships go into their ports. Hence their surrender became an imperative necessity, which was usually accomplished without bloodshed.

Boundaries between nations were amicably adjusted; a universal language was developed, a single, universal monetary system was established, and finally uniformity in the value of labor in all lands was accomplished.

The first century of this unprecedented form of government was such an advance over the systems of the past that the world marveled that it had not been thought of and put into operation sooner.

**THE OCCULT DIGEST
WANTS TO KNOW—**

—If the *anti*-evolutionists will burn the evolutionists at the stake, in case they win in Tennessee?

* * *

—If the evolution trial and the prohibition farce will succeed in wrecking the Union of the States? (E Pluribus Unum; United We Stand, Divided We Fall.)

* * *

—If science recognizes Bryan as a pedigreed "missing link" suitable to ATTACH A TALE TO?

* * *

—If so, why haven't they placed him in a museum where he could get enough notoriety to satisfy his ambitious longings?

* * *

—If science has taken privileges with other "Birds of Prey" why not with this one?

* * *

—Why the Christians of today cling to an old Yiddish history of the world, accept a Jew for their Savior, abide by Jewish laws—and then hate the Jews as they do?

* * *

—If a Jew is not a Jew the world over? Were they any different in Palestine than they are in America?

* * *

—If one Jew was the Son of God, why we can't recognize the rest of them as the brothers of mankind?

* * *

—If there is any difference between St. John the Divine, who talked to Jesus, and those of our own day who claim to talk to him?

* * *

—If nineteen hundred years ago, Christ thought it would be worth while to come back to earth, wouldn't it be infinitely more worth while now, with all our modern "civilization?"

* * *

—Why sport sections of our newspapers can feature men in the nude, while art journals must dress female figures in heavy crepe?

* * *

—Why the crime exploiting sections of our newspapers can portray stories of sex atrocities without number, while scientific publications on sex are suppressed?

* * *

—Why societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are supported and licensed, and the bill for the prevention of cruelty to children is practically killed?

* * *

—If it is obscene to look upon the human body? Is it not as obscene to look upon the monkey, the bear or the hundred and one animals in the park zoo?

* * *

—If the old adage "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" should not read—the occupant of the cradle, rules the world?

The donkey lingers but a while

Extremely poor his chance appears
And thus we learn the widest smile
Is not between the longest ears.

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